

"THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY"

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

Patricia Highsmith

1st November 1999

1958

PROLOGUE: INT. RIPLEY'S CABIN. EVENING.

Fade up on Ripley, as in the final scene of the film, sitting, desolate in a ship's cabin. The camera rotates around his face, which begins in light and ends in darkness.

RIPLEY (O/S)

If I could just go back. If I could rub everything out. Starting with myself. Starting with borrowing a jacket.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST TERRACE. EARLY EVENING.

Ripley is at the piano, accompanying FRAN, a young soprano.

CREDITS begin.

FRAN (SINGS)

Ah, such fleeting paradise
such innocent delight
to love,
be loved,
a lullabye,
then silence.

The song finishes. Applause. They're the entertainment at a cocktail party to celebrate a silver wedding anniversary.

Some partygoers congratulate Fran on her performance. A distinguished looking man, pushing his wife in a wheelchair,

approaches Ripley, offers his hand.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Most enjoyable. Herbert Greenleaf.

RIPLEY
Tom Ripley. Thank you, sir.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
(pointing at Ripley's
borrowed jacket)
I see you were at Princeton. Then
you'll most likely know our son,
Dick. Dickie Greenleaf...

EMILY GREENLEAF
We couldn't help noticing your jacket.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Yes.

EMILY GREENLEAF
Class of '56?

RIPLEY
(hesitating)
How is Dickie?

INT. ELEVATOR OPENING OUT INTO LOBBY. EARLY EVENING.

Fran, Ripley, Mr and Mrs Greenleaf and others emerge from an elevator. Emily talks to Fran, Herbert to Ripley.

EMILY GREENLEAF
(to Fran)
I hope you'll come and see us...

FRAN
That's very kind.

EMILY GREENLEAF
Both of you...

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Of course, Dickie's idea of music is
Jazz. He has a saxophone. To my ear
Jazz is just noise, just an insolent

noise.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST. EARLY EVENING.

Ripley shakes hands with Herbert Greenleaf as he gets into his Rolls Royce. They are making an appointment. Ripley crosses the street to Fran, pecks her cheek. She hands him his share of their fee.

RIPLEY

Gotta run. I'm so late.
(he hands Fran's
boyfriend the jacket
he's been wearing)
Thanks for the jacket.

BOYFRIEND

Sure. Thanks for filling in for me.

From Greenleaf's point of view he sees a couple embracing.

EMILY GREENLEAF

Darling couple, aren't they?

HERBERT GREENLEAF

Yes. An exceptional young man.

From another vantage point Ripley hurries on as Fran gets into her boyfriend's car. A piano quartet starts up.

EXT. THEATER. EVENING.

Ripley runs past the droves of arriving concert-goers and heads for the theater. Music continues.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, THEATER. NIGHT.

The interval: A thick mass of men in tuxedos grooming themselves at the basins. Ripley turns on faucets, offers towels, brushes off dandruff. Men talk over, round, and through him. Put coins in a bowl.

INT. A BOX AT THE THEATER. NIGHT

The concert continues. Ripley peers through the curtain at the performances. A haughty woman in the box turns round and he closes the curtain.

INT. BACKSTAGE. 1:30 A.M.

An empty auditorium. Ripley plays Bach in the blue ghostlight. A caretaker emerges from his rounds, flips on the house lights. Ripley jerks up from his playing, waves apologetically.

RIPLEY

Sorry, sorry. I know. Sorry.

EXT. GREENLEAF SHIPYARDS, BROOKLYN. DAY.

Greenleaf and Ripley walk through one of the drydocks. A huge void in the shape of a boat, swarming with workers preparing the shell of a new liner. If Central Park is where the money is spent, this is clearly where it's made. And a lot of it. Workers nod deferentially to the man with his name over the buildings behind them.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

Mongibello. Tiny place. South of Naples. Marge, his uh, the young lad is supposedly writing some kind of book. God knows what he does. By all accounts they spend the whole time on the beach. Or his sailboat. That's my son's talent, spending his allowance.

Ripley, in his green corduroy jacket the very model of a sober young man, listens attentively.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

Could you ever conceive of going to Italy, Tom, persuade my son to come home?

(Ripley looks doubtful)

I'd pay you. I'd pay you 1000 dollars.

RIPLEY

I've always wanted to go to Europe, sir, but...

HERBERT GREENLEAF

Good. Now you can go for a reason.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK. DAY.

A vinyl RECORD revolves in close up. An exuberant and mysterious VOICE is scat singing. Wild. Then the sound slides into a raucous big band jazz number: Dizzy Gillespie's The Champ. A HAND ejects the record. When the camera finds the man's face it is BLINDFOLDED. He's hot. He's wearing an undershirt. He's trying to identify the recording.

RIPLEY

I don't know. Count Basie? Duke Ellington. I don't know. Count Basie.

The man pulls of the blindfold, examines the record cover of the disc he's been trying to learn, needs to put on glasses to do so, is irritated by his mistake. He ejects the record.

A pile of other jazz records are strewn across a cluttered table which includes classical sheet music and a paper keyboard. One hand idly mimes at the keys.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Another song for Ripley to identify is on the gramophone. Chet Baker's My Funny Valentine. Signs everywhere of packing. A suitcase. Books about Italy. Ripley paces in this BASEMENT room, which is bathroom, kitchen, living room and bedroom all in one. Tiny, tidy, squalid and sad. The windows give onto bars and a wall.

RIPLEY

Don't even know if this is a man or a woman.

There's a violent row going on in the room above his head. He flinches.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Ripley, shining his shoes, packing almost done, is testing himself on another piece of music. Free jazz saxophone:

Charlie Parker's Koko. He listens hard, recognizes the track.

RIPLEY

That's Charlie Parker. Bird.

He skips over to the gramophone, checks the record. He's right, he smiles.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Ripley studies an old photograph of Dickie Greenleaf in a Princeton Yearbook. He shoves the book in a bag, picks up his suitcase and takes a last look around the dingy apartment before closing the door behind him.

EXT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Ripley hauls his luggage up the stairs and into the sunlight.

He is met at the top of the stairs by Mr Greenleaf's chauffeur.

CHAUFFEUR

Here. I'll take that.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

CARETAKER

(nodding towards the
apartment)

That thousand bucks should come in
handy.

RIPLEY

Yes, sir.

CHAUFFEUR

(interrupts Ripley,
who is about to open
the car door)

I'll get that.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

CHAUFFEUR

(as he holds open the
door for Ripley)

Sir.

(Ripley laughs
excitedly)

You're gonna have a great trip. Mr Greenleaf is personal friends with the Cunard people.

INT. HERBERT GREENLEAF'S CAR. DAY.

Ripley luxuriates in the back of the Greenleaf limousine. He opens up an envelope he's carrying with Greenleaf stationery.

Inside a First Class Cunard Ticket, some traveler's checks and dollars.

CHAUFFEUR

I can tell you. The Greenleaf name opens a lot of doors.

EXT. QUEEN MARY, MANHATTAN SKYLINE. DAY.

The liner leaves New York en route to Italy. END CREDITS.

INT. NAPLES HARBOR, CUSTOMS & IMMIGRATION HALL. DAY.

ITALY. Brilliant sunshine. The Queen Mary has just docked.

Passengers can be seen disembarking through the huge windows.

Coming from the First Class gangways they are greeted, escorted, fussed over into the hall. Their bags have been unloaded ahead of them, and are now being sorted in the hall under the initials of their owners. STANDS WITH THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET CHALKED ON THEM are dotted about, and trunks and suitcases of all shapes and sizes form small hills around them. Ripley enters and an Italian Porter approaches, wants his name. Ripley. Ripley. Ripley! he repeats in the hubbub and joins the crowd around the letter R. A striking young woman (MEREDITH) is nearby. She notices him.

Ripley proceeds to the Customs area, where he's held in a line as a large suitcase is opened and searched. Meredith catches up with him. Her luggage a mountain next to his.

MEREDITH

What's your secret?

RIPLEY

Excuse me?

MEREDITH

No, it's just – you are American, aren't you? – no, I just, I have so much luggage, and you're so, uh, streamlined. It's humiliating.

Ripley shrugs. Now they're opening a second case of the passenger ahead. Hard not to converse.

MEREDITH

I'm Meredith, by the way. Meredith Randall.

RIPLEY

Dickie, Dickie Greenleaf. Hello.

MEREDITH

Hello.

They are passed through immigration, head down the long stairs towards the street. Meredith catches up with Ripley.

MEREDITH

You're not the Shipping Greenleaf's?

RIPLEY

(thinking quickly)

Trying not to be. Trying to jump ship.

MEREDITH

So now, did they put your suitcase in the wrong pile? It's just – upstairs – weren't you under the R stand? I thought I saw you there.

RIPLEY

My father wants me in New York. He builds boats. I'd rather sail them. I travel under my mother's name.

MEREDITH

Which is?

RIPLEY

Emily.

(Meredith's bewildered)

Just kidding.

MEREDITH

The funny thing is, I'm not Randall either. I'm Logue.

RIPLEY

(nods, recognizing the name)

As in the...?

MEREDITH

As in the Textile Logues. Trying to shrug off the dress. I travel under my mother's name, too.

RIPLEY

Randall.

MEREDITH

Right.

They've arrived at a crossroads on the stairs – graphic signs explain the choices: one way for Buses, Taxis and exits – the other for Trains: ROMA, VENEZIA, MILANO. They're going in different directions.

MEREDITH

(offering her hand)

So – partners in disguise.

(looks at the signs)

Bye.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD FROM NAPLES. LATE AFTERNOON.

A BUS rolls around a coastal road cut into the side of a cliff, mountain above, blue sea below.

INT. BUS. LATE AFTERNOON.

Ripley sits surrounded by teeming life. The bus slows at a new town. People get off.

INT/EXTERIOR. BUS ARRIVES MONGIBELLO. LATE DAY.

Later, the day ending. Ripley looks out as they continue on their journey. Arriving at a small fishing port they wind

down through a square, passing the local church.

EXT. MONGIBELLO, FISHERMAN'S WHARF. LATE DAY.

And then the bus is in the heart of a wharf. On one side there's evidence of the fisherman's life, nets, old men working. Opposite there's a tiny cafe spilling out onto the street, young guys hang out, play table football, lounge on their Vespas. The Driver chants –

DRIVER
MONGIBELLO!

Ripley gets out, lugging his cases, as the bus continues on its way. He looks around him. He feels completely foreign.

EXT. MIRAMARE HOTEL/BOAT AT SEA. MORNING.

A SAILBOAT has slid into his view, now drops anchor, drops the sail. A couple dive off and swim towards shore.

ALL OF THIS IS FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF RIPLEY, who's watching the events through binoculars from his tiny balcony in the Miramare Hotel. An Italian Vocabulary Book is perched on his knees and, during this, he continues his study, mouthing the Italian words.

RIPLEY
(looking at a long,
lean girl about to
dive)
La fidanzata a una faccia. The fianc_e
has a face. La fidanzata e Marge.

Her partner, DICKIE GREENLEAF, dives too. They're brown, beautiful, perfect. Ripley notices the name of the boat: "BIRD".

RIPLEY
Questo e la mia faccia...

The golden couple emerge from the sea. Dickie shakes off the water, grins.

RIPLEY
This is my face.

He double-checks himself with the vocabulary book.

RIPLEY

Questa... e la mia faccia. Questa e
la faccia di Dickie.

EXT. MONGIBELLO. DAY.

Ripley emerges from one of the beach cabins, and stands on the edge of the sand on a wooden walkway. He's wearing A TINY LIME-GREEN BATHING SUIT. He loathes beaches. A couple of boys turn laconically and watch him.

Ripley puts on his shoes and scurries to the sea. He feels ridiculous, his skin alabaster against the brown bodies.

Finally, the shame is too great and he pulls off his shoes and dashes to the water, where he luxuriates in the coolness of it before wading out of the sea, and walking straight up to Dickie.

RIPLEY

Dickie Greenleaf?

Dickie squints at Ripley, who holds his shoes, lamely.

DICKIE

Who's this?

RIPLEY

It's Tom. Tom Ripley. We were at
Princeton together.

DICKIE

Okay.

(he sits up)

And did we know each other?

RIPLEY

Well, I knew you, so I suppose you
must have known me.

DICKIE

(to Marge)

Princeton is like a fog, America's
like a fog.

(to Ripley)

This is Marge Sherwood. Tom – sorry,
what was it?

RIPLEY

Ripley. Hullo. How do you do.

MARGE

How do you do.

DICKIE

What are you doing in Mongi?

RIPLEY

Nothing. Nothing much. Passing
through.

DICKIE

(finds this idea absurd)

Passing through! You're so white.
Did you ever see a guy so white,
Marge? Gray, actually.

RIPLEY

It's just an undercoat.
(Marge laughs)

DICKIE

Say again?

RIPLEY

You know, a primer.

DICKIE

That's funny.

He shares some intimacy with Marge, makes her laugh. Ripley
stands as they wrestle around him. Marge looks up.

MARGE

You should come and have lunch with
us, before you go – Dickie?

DICKIE

Sure. Any time.

MARGE

And be careful in the sun. Your gray's

in danger of turning a little pink.

RIPLEY

Thanks. Well, a coincidence.

EXT. MONGIBELLO. EARLY MORNING.

ANOTHER DAY. Church Bells ringing. Dickie, dressed in shorts, comes bumping up the cobbled path towards the square on his MOTORSCOOTER. He stops by a steep flight of steps.

RIPLEY, a book in hand, unseen, walking up a hill, catches all this and, intrigued, watches as a young Italian beauty, SILVANA, has a spikey, flirtatious exchange with Dickie, then climbs on the scooter, behind him.

DICKIE

I've been looking for you everywhere.

SILVANA

Ah, today you're looking for me. And where have you been the rest of the week? Pig. With your American girl? I hate you, you know?

DICKIE

What?

SILVANA

I hate you.

And RIPLEY watches them as they rattle down the hill towards the sea.

EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Dickie appears in Marge's garden, the sea behind his head.

Marge is sitting at her outside table surrounded by some of the remnants of lunch. Dickie's sheepish, showered, late.

DICKIE

Sorry, sorry, sorry. I know, I'm late, I'm a swine.

MARGE

Did you forget where I live? It's

four o'clock.

DICKIE

I just woke up. I'm sorry.

MARGE

You just woke up!

DICKIE

Fausto and I – we took the boat out, we were fishing, and then it was dawn and we'd caught absolutely nothing.

MARGE

Well, we ate everything without you.

DICKIE

We?

MARGE

Yes, Tom Ripley's here.

As Ripley appears with the tray to collect more dishes.

DICKIE

Who? Oh, Tom, hello, how are you? We thought you'd disappeared. We were going to send out a search party.

RIPLEY

No, still here.

MARGE

Tom was telling me about his trip over. Made me laugh so much I got a nosebleed.

DICKIE

Is that good?

MARGE

Shut up!

Marge flicks him with a napkin. They start to wrestle, excluding Tom.

RIPLEY
I'm intruding.

DICKIE
Can you mix a martini?

RIPLEY
(hesitant)
Sure.

MARGE
(going inside)
I'll do it. I make a fabulous martini.

DICKIE
Everybody should have one talent.
(to Ripley)
What's yours?

RIPLEY
(without a beat)
Forging signatures. Telling lies.
Impersonating practically anybody.

DICKIE
(enjoying this banter)
That's three. Nobody should have
more than one talent. Okay, do an
impression.

RIPLEY
Now? Okay. Wait a minute. Talent –
(his voice ages, his
face changes)
The only talent my son has is for
cashing his allowance.

DICKIE
(absolutely thrown)
What? What's this?

RIPLEY
I like to sail, believe me, I love
to sail! Instead I make boats and
other people sail them.

DICKIE

(incredibly impressed)
Stop! It's too much! You're making
all the hairs on my neck stand up!

RIPLEY
(relishing it)
Jazz, let's face it, it's just an
insolent noise.

DICKIE
I feel like he's here. Horrible.
Like the old bastard is here right
now! That's brilliant! How do you
know him?

RIPLEY
I met him in New York.

DICKIE
Marge! You've got to hear this!

MARGE
(returning with the
drinks)
What? What?

DICKIE
Meet my father, Herbert Richard
Greenleaf 1st.

RIPLEY
Pleasure to meet you, Dickie's made
a fine catch. I know Emily thinks
so.

MARGE
What's going on?

DICKIE
Uncanny!

MARGE
I don't get it.

RIPLEY
Could you ever conceive of going
there, Tom, and bringing him back?

DICKIE
What?

RIPLEY
I'd pay you. If you would go to Italy
and persuade my son to come home.
I'd pay you \$1000.

INT/EXT. MONGIBELLO CHURCH AND SQUARE. DUSK.

A christening is over and now the whole village is pouring out of Church for the Passeggiata in Sunday best. Girls arm in arm parade. Boys arm in arm evaluate. New babies are compared and fussed over. Old people smoke, talk, shrug. Dickie is walking with Ripley, seething about his father's scheming.

DICKIE
I'm never going back. To actually
hire somebody to come all the way
here to drag me back home – got to
be insane, hasn't he?

SILVANA comes out of church arm in arm with a man, her fiancée, as part of a foursome which includes Dickie's pal FAUSTO. Silvana's eyes flick towards Dickie, otherwise there's no acknowledgment as they all greet each other.

Dickie introduces Tom, then they move on.

DICKIE
I'm never going back!

RIPLEY
No, I think your mother, her illness –

DICKIE
It's got nothing to do with my mother!
She's had leukemia for – ! This is
what makes me boil about him! HE
wants me back! – it's got nothing
to do with my mother.

RIPLEY
I don't know, Dickie, I'm just telling
you what I –

DICKIE
(interrupting)
Go back! Go back to New York or call him if you can find a telephone that works, and tell him wild horses wouldn't drag me back to him or his shipyard.

EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE, MONGIBELLO. AFTERNOON.

Ripley appears, with his meagre luggage at Dickie's front door. He's carrying his tote bag under his arm, the bottom of which seems to be unstitched and held together only by his fingers. Marge is on the terrace, she looks down to see Tom talking with Dickie.

MARGE
Hi Tom.

DICKIE
(looks up)
Marge, Ripley's saying goodbye.

MARGE
I'll come down.

DICKIE
(to Ripley)
Did you speak to my father?

RIPLEY
You were right about the telephones. There are no lines, there's some problem.

MARGE
(coming out of the front door)
Hello Tom. You're off? What are your plans?

RIPLEY
Back, I suppose, slowly as I can.

He goes to shake her hand and as he releases the tote bag the seam splits and records spill to the ground, scattering.

He bends down, starts gathering them up. Marge helps.

RIPLEY

Oh, damn, sorry, this bag's –

Dickie's delighted when he sees the Jazz titles.

DICKIE

You like jazz!

RIPLEY

(gathering up the records)

I love jazz.

DICKIE

(holding up a Chet Baker)

This is the best. Marge says she likes jazz, but she thinks Glenn Miller is jazz.

MARGE

I never said that!

RIPLEY

Bird. That's jazz.

DICKIE

Bird! Ask me the name of my sailboat –

RIPLEY

I don't know. What's the name of your sailboat?

DICKIE

Bird!

MARGE

Which is ridiculous. Boats are female, everyone knows you can't call a boat after a man.

RIPLEY

He's not a man, he's a god.

DICKIE

(excited)
Okay, we're going to Naples. There's
a club, it's not a club, it's a
cellar.

MARGE
It's vile.

DICKIE
Yes, it's vile. Don't worry, you
don't have to come.
(to Ripley)
It's great. You're going to love it.

INT. JAZZ CLUB, NAPLES. NIGHT.

A cavern blue with smoke. A surprisingly good QUINTET blast out their version of MOANIN'. Dickie and Ripley arrive and make their way to a table where Fausto is sitting with friends. It's too noisy for conversation, but Dickie shouts introductions and they shake Ripley's hand. Dickie is instantly absorbed in the music, Ripley absorbed in Dickie.

An attractive Italian Girl, DAHLIA, comes over, kisses Dickie, pulls off his hat, puts it on, there's no room for her to sit, so she sits on Dickie's lap, smoking his cigarette. Dickie raises his eyebrow at Tom, but it's clearly no hardship. Then the band strikes up the intro to Tu vuo' fa' L'Americano – a hit which reflects the current craze for all things American – and Fausto pulls a protesting Dickie up onto the stage.

FAUSTO
(improvising in Italian)
Ladies and Gentlemen. Dickie
Greenleaf, all the way from America...
etc.

Fausto starts to sing. Dickie joins in the chorus. Everybody claps. Dickie talks off-mic to Fausto.

FAUSTO
And a big round of applause for a
new friend from New York – Tom
Ripley!

Ripley's mortified, but Dickie jumps off the stage and pulls

him up. The song continues and now, at the chorus, it's Dickie and Ripley who have to sing. Ripley, of course, can sing well, if not confident in this arena. Soon the audience is clapping, standing on tables, dancing, Dahlia prominent.

DICKIE (O/S)

(reading)

I have bumped into an old friend
from Princeton – a fellow named Tom
Ripley. He says he's going to haunt
me until I agree to come back to New
York with him...

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE. NOON.

Dickie, in his new dressing gown, is sitting at the table, typing. Ripley's head emerges from behind the couch on which he has been enjoying a blissful sleep.

DICKIE

(grins)

Good afternoon!

RIPLEY

What time is it?

(puts on his glasses
and checks his watch)

Oh God! Do you always type your
letters?

(points at the letter)

That should be two Ts.

DICKIE

I can't write and I can't spell.
That's the privilege of a first-class
education. You're upstairs at the
back. I think Ermelinda made the bed
up.

RIPLEY

This is so good of you.

DICKIE

Don't say it again. Now you're a
Double Agent and we're going to string
my Dad along, I was thinking we might
buy a little car with the expense

money he's sending you. What do you think, Marge... a little Cinquecento with my Dad's money?

Marge has appeared, carrying Camparis.

MARGE

Dickie, you can't even drive a car! No, what we need urgently is an icebox. What do you think, Tom? Agree with me and I'll be your friend for life.

RIPLEY

I absolutely agree with Marge.

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS. DAY.

Ripley locates his room, puts down his luggage in what is a comfortable and simple room, then heads back downstairs only to be tempted by the open door of Dickie's bedroom.

INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Ripley explores the casual elegance of Dickie's bedroom – the Louis Vuitton chest, the closet's open door spilling out shirts, ties. On the dressing table there are toiletries, cufflinks scattered, a silk tie. Ripley picks up the tie and walks towards the open window below which is a terrace where lunch is being laid. Marge and Dickie are chatting. Shreds of conversation float up to Ripley.

DICKIE

It'll just be for a little while.
He can be... he makes me laugh.

MARGE

Okay, darling.

DICKIE

You'd say if you mind?

MARGE

No, I like him.

DICKIE

Marge, you like everybody.

MARGE
I don't like you.

DICKIE
Then I'll go to your place and you
can move in with Tom.

Above them, Ripley repeats these phrases, carefully, testing the cadences, No, I like him. Marge, you like everybody, until he's as accurate as a tape recorder.

EXT. TERRACE OF DICKIE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Ermelinda is clearing away lunch. Ripley is changed and sitting at the table with Marge while Dickie works on the coffee. Ripley watches him, studying everything: the way he uses the espresso machine, the way he wears no socks, his pants, his rings.

DICKIE
Now you know why Miss Sherwood always
shows up for breakfast. It's not
love it's the coffee machine.

MARGE
It's the one task Dickie can do on
his own – make coffee.

DICKIE
Shut up.

MARGE
Oh darling – is that for me?

DICKIE
No it's for Tom as he didn't complain.

RIPLEY
(as Dickie hands him
his cup)
That ring's so great. The green one.

MARGE
(delighted)
Tom, I love you!
(to Dickie)

See!
(to Ripley)
I bought it for him, for his birthday.

RIPLEY
It's superb.

DICKIE
I had to promise, capital P, never
to take it off – otherwise I'd give
it to you.

MARGE
(flicking a crumb at
him)
Bastard!
(to Ripley)
Isn't it great, Tom? I found it in
Naples. I bargained for about two
weeks.

DICKIE
I hope it wasn't cheap.

MARGE
Oh, it was.

RIPLEY
(to Marge)
I have to find a birthday present
for Frances. Perhaps you can help
me?

MARGE
Frances?

RIPLEY
My fianc_e.

DICKIE
You're a dark horse, Ripley. Engaged?

RIPLEY
Your parents met her.

DICKIE
Oh God – I can just imagine – if

only Dickie would settle down...
doesn't every parent deserve a
grandchild? Never! I swear on your
ring, Marge. I am never going back.

EXT. BIRD SAILBOAT. DAY.

The Bird is sailing off the coast of Mongibello. There's a manoeuvre going on with the sail. Captain Dickie supervises his crew of Marge and a painfully awkward anxious-to-please Ripley. Dickie goes over to help him.

RIPLEY

I'm doing this wrong, aren't I?

DICKIE

You're doing great. We'll make a sailor of you yet. You're doing really well.

MARGE

Dubious but special honor, Tom – crewing Dickie's boat. Alright, bar's open.

DICKIE

Yes please!

She heads for the cabin. Dickie settles down beside Ripley.

RIPLEY

Could we sail to Venice?

DICKIE

Sure. I love Venice.

RIPLEY

I have to go to Venice.

DICKIE

See Venice and die, isn't that right? Or is it Rome? You do something and die, don't you? Okay, Venice is on the list.

RIPLEY

And Rome.

DICKIE

Do you ski?

(Ripley frowns)

Don't tell me – you're a lost cause!

That's the next thing to deal with.

We're planning to go to Cortina at

Christmas. Excellent skiing.

Excellent.

(as Marge reappears)

Marge – Ripley can't ski. We'll

have to teach him that, too. Have

you ever known such low class?

MARGE

Poor Tom. Good thing we're not getting

married. We might have to invite him

on our honeymoon.

EXT. MONGIBELLO. LATE DAY.

Marge and Ripley are on a shopping expedition. They walk down the hill towards the grocery shop, next to the bar in the little square. Ripley has asked Marge how she and Dickie met.

MARGE

Oh I hated New York – that Park Avenue crowd – so I fled to Paris to work on my book, and I was always going to this cafe with Jean-Jacques, and Dickie used to play his saxophone outside and I would see him and he would see me, and he would play My Funny Valentine. It was only later that I realised he only knows about six songs.

They've arrived at the Grocery Store. Alessandra, the woman who owns the store greets them. Silvana, who's her daughter, is also there, and less comfortable. She waits for Marge's order.

MARGE

(to Silvana, in Italian)

Buono Sera, Silvana. Por favore:

arance e pane, e del prosciutto.

SILVANA
E fichi? Come sempre?

MARGE
Si. Come sempre. Grazie.

Silvana goes inside for the meat and bread. Marge frowns.

MARGE
(back to Ripley)
Anyway, then one day, we go in, I see Dickie, he starts playing My Funny Valentine, and then all of a sudden he just walks into the cafe, right in front of Jean-Jacques, and grabs me! Now I had never spoken to him in my life – he said I'm going to Italy, tomorrow, and I want you to come with me. So I did.

At the edge of the square there's A BOCCE AREA, where men throw metal balls along a track, aiming to get closest to a small cue. Dickie is there, playing intensely with Fausto and two other guys, one of whom we've seen before with Silvana.

Ripley and Marge loop back towards home, taking in the Bocce en route. Dickie waves. They wave back. Marge calls to him.

MARGE
If you're not at my place by 7.00,
Tom and I are running off together.

DICKIE
Okay.

EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

Dickie and Ripley are leaving. They're fooling around.

Dickie jumps on Ripley's shoulders. Marge watches from the top of the garden.

EXT. MONGIBELLO SQUARE. EARLY EVENING.

Dickie and Ripley, still horsing about, pass Silvana's grocery

store. Dickie dismounts, goes over to Silvana, who's tense, a little troubled. They huddle, Ripley isolated.

SILVANA

Did you get my message? I want to talk to you.

DICKIE

I want to talk to you too... Smile for me.

And Dickie's already gone, back to Ripley feinting to box him then dancing, satyr-like, down the hill.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD TO NAPLES. EVENING.

Dickie and Ripley on the Vespa. There's a steep incline where the road winds down towards Naples and, as the Vespa gains speed, Ripley is happy to cling to Dickie.

DICKIE

You're breaking my ribs!

RIPLEY

What?

DICKIE

You're breaking my ribs!

INT. JAZZ CLUB, NAPLES. NIGHT.

Ripley's really singing, carrying the burden of My Funny Valentine in a flawless imitation of Chet Baker. Dickie is playing some sax. After a verse, there's spontaneous applause. Dickie, impressed beams at Ripley.

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

A NEW ICEBOX, incongruous in pride of place in the living room, casts its glow on a delighted Dickie as he pulls out a couple of beers, handing one to Ripley who is paging through his copy of the Collected Works of Shakespeare.

DICKIE

I could fuck this icebox I love it so much.
(considering Ripley)

What were you actually doing in New York?

RIPLEY

I played piano in a few places.

DICKIE

That's one job, you told me a lot of jobs.

RIPLEY

A few places – that's a few jobs. Anyway, I don't want to think about New York.

DICKIE

The mysterious Mr Ripley. Marge and I spend hours speculating.

(drinking)

Cold beer. Thank you Dad.

RIPLEY

Copy out from here...

He hands the book to Dickie, pointing out the lines.

DICKIE

(staring to write on the back of a postcard)

I love the fact you brought Shakespeare with you and no clothes. Ermelinda says you wash the same shirt out every night. Is that true?

RIPLEY

No! I've got more than one shirt!

DICKIE

She can do that stuff for you. Anyway, just wear some of my things, wear anything you want, most of it's ancient.

(he's finished writing)

RIPLEY

Now your signature.
(watching him write)

Not "Dickie". Your signature.

Dickie writes his signature at the bottom of the postcard.

Ripley studies the writing, takes off his glasses to clean them. Dickie looks at him.

DICKIE

Without the glasses you're not even ugly.

(takes them, tries them on)

I don't need them because I never read. How do I look.

RIPLEY

Like Clark Kent.

(takes them back, puts them on beaming at Dickie)

Now Superman.

Dickie cuffs him. Ripley looks down at the postcard.

DICKIE

I know. I write like a child.

RIPLEY

Pretty vile. See this: The S and the T, do you see? – fine, vulnerable – that's pain, that's secret pain.

DICKIE

It must be a deep secret, cause I don't know about it.

RIPLEY

Your handwriting – nothing more naked. See – nothing's quite touching the line – that's vanity.

DICKIE

(flattered)

Well we certainly know that's true.

INT. DICKIE'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Dickie's in the bath. Ripley, dressed, sits on the stool next to the bath. They're in the middle of playing chess, the board propped on the bath tray. Ripley puts his hand in the water, checking the temperature. He turns on the faucet for a burst of hot. Ripley is absurdly happy. He pours some wine.

DICKIE

Do you have any brothers?

RIPLEY

No, no brothers, no sisters.

DICKIE

Me neither. Nor does Marge. All only children – what does that mean?

He looks at Ripley who looks at him, a little too long.

RIPLEY

Means we never shared a bath. I'm cold. Can I get in?

DICKIE

No!

RIPLEY

I didn't mean with you in it.

DICKIE

(standing)

Okay, you get in. I'm like a prune anyway.

He gets out, walks past Ripley, who doesn't turn around. But Dickie's reflected in the mirror. Ripley looks, then Dickie turns, holds his look momentarily before flicking him with his towel.

INT/EXT. AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE, NAPLES. DAY.

An OFFICIAL is studying Dickie's passport photograph. It's not a recent picture. The official looks suspicious. Dickie is used to it.

DICKIE

It is me. It's an old picture.

(sighs at Ripley)
Every time – 'is it you? Doesn't
look like you'.

He's signing for his allowance. He has a smart document case
with his initials prominently embossed. Ripley watches him
sign and collect a large wad of notes.

CLERK
Letters – Greenleaf, and for Ripley.

Ripley collects and studies his mail. As they walk outside
he holds up one letter to Dickie.

RIPLEY
Fran.
(anticipating her
letter)
I miss you, where are you coming
home? Stop telling me what a great
time you're having, how you love
Dickie... and Marge and...
(the next letter)
And this one, I think, is your dad...

INT. TRAIN TO ROME. DAY.

Ripley sits reading the LETTER from Herbert Greenleaf. He
frowns, stops reading, looks out of the window.

DICKIE
What does he say?

RIPLEY
He's getting impatient. He wants me
to reassure him you'll be home by
Thanksgiving.

DICKIE
You've got to get a new jacket.
Really. You must be sick of the same
clothes. I'm sick of seeing you in
them.

RIPLEY
I can't. I can't keep spending your
father's money.

DICKIE

I love how responsible you are. My Dad should make you Chief Accountant or something. Let me buy you a jacket. There's a great place when we get to Rome, Batistoni.

Ripley loves this idea and mouths the word, "Batistoni".

DICKIE

Andiamo a Roma. We're taking Tom to Roma!

EXT. ARCARI'S CAFE, PIAZZA NAVONA, ROME. DAY.

Ripley and Dickie sit outside at a Cafe in the Piazza Navona.

Very smart, very sophisticated, very young crowd. There are already several empty coffee cups and a half empty bottle of Frascati. Ripley has his guide book out and is incredibly impatient. Dickie, meanwhile, has stretched out for the duration.

RIPLEY

Where do we find a carozza for the Forum, or can we hire any of them – ?

DICKIE

Relax.

RIPLEY

It's just there's so much to do in a single day.

DICKIE

Relax. The most important question is where to eat. I hope Freddie made a reservation.

RIPLEY

Freddie?

DICKIE

Freddie Miles. You know – he's organizing the Cortina skiing trip.

Ripley hates the idea of having this special day invaded. A horn makes him look up as FREDDIE MILES illegally parks his open top sports car opposite the cafe, sees Dickie and bustles over. He's a heavy-set American with a reddish crewcut. Ripley finds him disgusting to look at. Dickie is delighted.

DICKIE
Frederico!

FREDDIE
Ciao bello.
(noticing a beautiful
woman in an open-
topped car)
Don't you want to fuck every woman
you see. Just once.

They kiss cheeks, continental-style.

DICKIE
This is Tom Ripley. Freddie Miles.

FREDDIE
(mugging)
Hey, if I'm late, think what her
husband's saying!

He fills Dickie's glass with wine and drinks it standing up.

FREDDIE
So let's go. I got us a table outside
at Fabrizio's.

And Dickie's up, leaving Ripley to pick up all the tiny checks to work out the bill and pay it.

DICKIE
I'll tell you – I am so cabin-crazy
with Mongi.

Freddie and Dickie link arms Italian-style and cross the street to Freddie's car.

FREDDIE
I know. I was there.
(looks back to see

Ripley struggling to
settle the check)
Tommy! It's S.R.O. Two seater.
Standing Room Only. Chop, chop, Tommy!

Ripley, abandoned, goes over. There's no room in the car. He
has to crouch in the rear.

FREDDIE
You're going to have to sit between
us. But don't put your shoes on the
seat, know what I mean, put them one
on top of the other. Okay?

INT. A JAZZ RECORD STORE. LATE AFTERNOON.

This record store is hidden away down a cobbled alley, and
stuffed with the trendiest Romans, all of whom rifle the
stacks under a fog of cigarette smoke. There are two LISTENING
BOOTHs, one of which has Freddie and Dickie crammed into it,
sharing a set of headphones. Ripley stands outside the booth,
holding both of their jackets like a manservant, while inside
and behind the glass doors they chat animatedly. He looks
longingly at the street, where the light is fading. Dickie
catches his hangdog expression and pushes open the accordion
doors.

DICKIE
Look, Tom, we've got to go to a club
and meet some friends of Freddie's.
The best thing is – if you want to
be a tourist – grab a cab and we
can meet up at the railway station.

RIPLEY
(absolutely crestfallen)
What club?

DICKIE
Freddie's arranged it with some of
the skiing crowd. Come if you want
but I thought you wanted to see the
Forum...?

RIPLEY
I did. And then maybe get the jacket
and what have you...

FREDDIE
(from inside the booth)
Dick – you've got to hear this!

DICKIE
(oblivious to Ripley's
pain)
Listen, just take one of mine when
we get back. Don't worry about it. I
did the Forum with Marge and, frankly,
once is enough in anyone's life.

Ripley hands him the coats, turns away.

DICKIE
Ciao. Have fun.

Ripley heads for the door, then comes back, raps on the booth.
Dickie pushes it open.

RIPLEY
You said to make sure you didn't
miss the train. It leaves at eight.

EXT. THE CAPITOL. LATE AFTERNOON.

Ripley hikes up Michelangelo's Arcoeli Steps. Then he's
looking down from the Campodoglio at the Forum below. Then
he's walking by the oversized fragments of the Colossus.
This is the real Ripley, the lover of beauty, inspired by
art, by antiquity. He's awed. He's cold. He so much wishes
he weren't alone.

INT. ROME RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT.

It's past eight, Ripley stands, one foot on the guard step
of the Naples train, waiting forlornly for Dickie, then giving
up as the train pulls away. He pulls the door to his
compartment closed, and sits inside the train alone.

INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

There's music playing, Bing Crosby's "May I". Very loud.
Ripley dances to the mirror, SPECTACLES ABANDONED and DRESSED
AS DICKIE IN HIS TUXEDO, MINUS TROUSERS. He adjusts his hair,
catches one of Dickie's expressions. There are clothes

abandoned everywhere. He's been having a big dressing-up session. He sings along with Bing.

DICKIE
What are you doing?

Ripley turns, horrified, to see Dickie standing in the doorway. The music thumps away.

RIPLEY
Oh – just amusing myself. Sorry,
Dickie.
(pause)
I didn't think you were coming back.

Dickie turns off the record player.

DICKIE
I wish you'd get out of my clothes.

Ripley starts undressing, his fingers clumsy with mortification and shock. Dickie looks at his feet, shakes his head.

DICKIE
Shoes too?

RIPLEY
(lame, ashamed)
You said I could pick out a jacket
and I just... Sorry.

DICKIE
Get undressed in your own room, would
you?

RIPLEY
I thought you'd missed the train.

DICKIE
Freddie drove me back in his car.

RIPLEY
(horrified)
Is Freddie here?

DICKIE

He's downstairs.

RIPLEY

I was just fooling around. Don't say anything. Sorry.

Dickie lets him leave and then sits amongst the debris of the dressing-up session, not amused.

EXT. DICKIE'S TERRACE. DAY.

Ripley comes down, apprehensive, to find Marge and Dickie and Freddie having a jolly breakfast on the terrace. Dickie looks perfectly happy.

MARGE

Hi, Tom. Come join us.

FREDDIE

I want this job of yours, Tommy. I was just saying – You live in Italy, sleep in Dickie's house, eat Dickie's food, wear his clothes, and his father picks up the tab. If you get bored, let me know, I'll do it!

EXT. THE OCEAN, ABOARD THE BIRD. DAY.

The boat is drifting. Freddie and Dickie and Marge are swimming, then Marge climbs back onto the boat, where Ripley is sitting alone, reading.

MARGE

You really should go in, it's marvelous.

RIPLEY

I'm fine.

She approaches him, conscious of his isolation. She's in a red bikini, and she towels herself dry as they speak.

MARGE

Are you okay?

RIPLEY

Sure.

They watch Dickie and Freddie fooling around in the water.

MARGE

The thing with Dickie – it's like the sun shines on you and it's glorious, then he forgets you and it's very very cold.

RIPLEY

So I'm learning.

MARGE

He's not even aware of it. When you've got his attention you feel like you're the only person in the world. That's why everybody loves him. Other times...

There's a yell from Dickie as Freddie wrestles with him.

DICKIE

(laughing and choking)

He's drowning me!

MARGE

It's always the same whenever someone new comes into his life – Freddie, Fausto, Peter Smith-Kingsley – he's wonderful – did you meet him, he's a musician? – ...and especially you, of course... and that's only the boys.

They watch as Freddie pushes Dickie under the surface.

MARGE

Tell me, why is it when men play they always play at killing each other...? I'm sorry about Cortina by the way.

RIPLEY

What about Cortina?

MARGE

Didn't Dick say? – He talked to

Freddie... apparently it's not going to work out –

(Ripley's devastated,
Marge notices, can't
look at him)

Freddie says there aren't enough rooms.

EXT. OCEAN, ABOARD THE BIRD. DUSK.

LATER and now the boat is sailing again. Ripley is sitting in his spot. Dickie and Freddie are at the tiller.

DICKIE

Come on, Frederico, do you really have to go back? At least stick around for the Festival of the Madonna.

FREDDIE

I don't think so. Come back with me to Rome. There's this great new club. Have some drinks, lotta ladies...

Marge, still in her bikini, disappears into the cabin. Dickie makes a face at Freddie.

DICKIE

Do you think you can steer this thing?

FREDDIE

Sure.

DICKIE

Just point her at Capri and avoid the rocks.

FREDDIE

What are you doing?

DICKIE

Marge-maintenance.

FREDDIE

Aye, aye.

Dickie heads towards the cabin. Freddie takes over the tiller. There's a breeze and the sailboat cuts through the water.

From where Ripley sits he can see Capri in the distance, but he can also look down into the cabin, its porthole offering him a restricted view. He looks down and there's a flash of flesh, then nothing. Then as the boat swings with the waves, he glimpses the bikini top flung over a chair, and then Marge's bare foot kicking out rhythmically, the red-painted toes straining. Ripley's mesmerized, aroused, and absolutely betrayed.

FREDDIE

Tommy – How's the peeping? Come on
Tommy, you were looking. Tommy Tommy
Tommy.

Shamed, Ripley looks away. He stares at the water, parting before the boat, its turmoil reflecting his.

EXT. DICKIE'S MOORING. DAY.

The Bird returns to the mooring by Dickie's House. Dickie as ever Captain of the Ship, clambering around, shouting instructions, with Ripley, Marge and Freddie as crew. Ripley looks back at shore. Silvana stands watching, staring.

Dickie notices her too.

EXT. MONGIBELLO SLIPWAY. LATE DAY.

A WOMAN'S HEAD suddenly breaks the surface of the water.

It's a statue of the Virgin Mary, life size, adorned with flowers and a lace veil. As she is revealed, wooden, staring, four men emerge, lifting the statue on a palette, wading towards the shore, the Madonna aloft on their shoulders.

The whole town of Mongibello is in attendance for this Annual Festival of the Madonna del Mare, either standing in their fishing boats, or on shore and flanking the Parish Priest and altar boys and incense. RIPLEY, DICKIE and MARGE watch from Dickie's terrace. There are hymns and, as the statue is carried to the shore, the men's heads barely above the waves, the congregation applauds at the illusion that the Madonna is walking on water.

Suddenly ANOTHER HEAD appears on the surface of the water, about fifty yards from the statue. There's a scream from

among the crowd as someone notices the body. It's SILVANA. One of the MEN carrying the statue turns first towards the direction of the scream and then towards the floating corpse. It's Silvana's fiancée, and in a second he has let go of the palette, CAUSING IT TO TOPPLE, and – in absolute grief – wades, swims, splashes towards the body.

PANDEMONIUM in the crowd, which breaks up, with other people splashing, fully clothed, into the water. From the terrace, Ripley turns and looks at Dickie, catching his eye.

EXT. DICKIE'S TERRACE. LATE DAY.

Marge and Ripley and Dickie watch from the terrace as below them an AMBULANCE takes away the body. It seems as if the whole town looks on – fiancée, parents, brothers, sisters, police, priest, etc. As the corpse is loaded into the vehicle A BRIEF SCUFFLE occurs between Silvana's fiancée and her brother. They are pulled apart. Then the ambulance pulls away.

RIPLEY

What's the fight about? That's her fiancée, isn't it? Are they blaming him?

DICKIE

(sharp)

I don't know! Why are you asking me?

(agitated)

How can it take an hour to find an ambulance?

MARGE

(conciliatory)

Well, she was already dead, darling, wasn't she, so I suppose –

DICKIE

I don't know why people say this country's civilised. It isn't. It's fucking primitive.

And with that HE KICKS OUT VIOLENTLY AT A CHAIR SUPPORTING THE RECORDPLAYER. Records, machine, chair go flying across the terrace. Dickie storms inside.

MARGE

Dickie!

RIPLEY

I'll go and see what's the matter.

MARGE

I'll go.

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Later, Dickie is slumped in an armchair at the open window overlooking the slipway. He's playing sax. A forlorn, keening phrase from YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS. Ripley appears, begins tidying the mess in the living room. He picks up empty bottles, an abandoned bikini top.

RIPLEY

I know why you're upset.

(Dickie continues
playing)

I know about Silvana, Dickie. About
you and Silvana.

Dickie stops playing.

DICKIE

What about us?

He now has an armful of dishes and glasses and bottles.

DICKIE

(losing his temper)

You don't have to clean up! Really!

Ripley disappears into the kitchen.

DICKIE

(as Ripley returns)

She was pregnant. Did you know that?
Do you know what that means in a
place like this?

RIPLEY

I'm prepared to take the blame.

DICKIE

What are you talking about?

RIPLEY

You've been so good to me. You're the brother I never had. I'm the brother you never had.

DICKIE

She came to me for help, she needed money, and I didn't help her. I didn't help her. Now she's dead and it's my fault.

RIPLEY

I'm not going to say anything – to Marge, or anybody, the police – It's a secret between us and I'll keep it.

And he disappears again, leaving Dickie to resume the sax, somehow in thrall to Ripley.

RIPLEY

Dear Tom, I think the time has come to discontinue your expense checks...

EXT. AMERICAN EXPRESS, NAPLES. DAY.

Ripley and Dickie are walking out of the American Express Office, Dickie pushing the rest of his money into his case, Ripley – despondent – reading aloud extracts from a letter from Herbert Greenleaf –

RIPLEY

...The thousand dollars, of course, was only due in the event that you succeeded in bringing Dickie home. Naturally, I hope the trip has afforded you some pleasure despite the failure of its main objective you need no longer consider yourself obligated to us in any way...

DICKIE

You can't blame him. You could hardly expect this to go on forever.

RIPLEY

I thought you might write again. Now that we're brothers...

DICKIE

I can't, how can I, in all decency? We've had a good run, haven't we?

RIPLEY

(increasingly miserable)

What about Venice? Can we stick to that plan at least?

DICKIE

I don't think so, Tom. You can't stay on here without money. It's time we all moved on. Besides I'm sick of Mongi. Especially now with everything – I really want to move to the North. I need to check out San Remo next week, find somewhere new to keep the boat. But it would be great, though, if you came with me. Our last trip before you leave. There's a jazz festival – we could say goodbye in style. What do you think? A last trip?

INT. TRAIN TO SAN REMO. AFTERNOON.

Dickie and Ripley travel up to San Remo. They sit next to each other. Dickie's asleep. Ripley lays his head on Dickie's shoulder, but as he does that, the ticket inspector announces the San Remo stop, taps on the window and Dickie stirs. Then Ripley plays his familiar game of studying his face in the reflection of the train window, so that he can move his head and see his reflection, then back and see Dickie's. Dickie suddenly catches him staring. Ripley looks away.

DICKIE

(terse)

Why do you do that thing – with your neck? On trains you always do that thing, it's so spooky.

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE RESTAURANT, SAN REMO. NIGHT.

Dickie and Ripley walk through the terrace of an hotel which lips out towards the sea. There's a restaurant and palms and a JAZZ QUINTET playing, American. Very cool. They pass the band. Dickie's captivated as they head for their table. They pass some girls at a table. Dickie smiles greedily.

DICKIE

This is more like it. Didn't I tell you San Remo was crazy!

They're shown to a good table. Dickie watches the band while their glasses are filled with champagne. Ripley looks happy.

He's got Dickie all to himself.

RIPLEY

To Mongibello and the happiest days of my life.

DICKIE

To Mongi. You're cheerful tonight.

RIPLEY

I'm suddenly quite happy to be going back.

DICKIE

That's good.

RIPLEY

I've got plans!

DICKIE

Ripley's plans.

RIPLEY

Esatto. I'm always planning.

DICKIE

Did I know you at Princeton, Tom? I didn't, did I?

RIPLEY

Why are you asking all of a sudden?

DICKIE

No reason. Because you're leaving, I

guess. I don't think you were there,
were you?

RIPLEY

Why?

DICKIE

I mean it as a compliment. You've
got such great taste, I don't know.
Most of the thugs at Princeton had
tasted everything and had no taste.
Used to say, the cream of America:
rich and thick. Freddie's the perfect
example.

RIPLEY

Then I'll take it as a compliment.

DICKIE

I knew it! I had a bet with Marge!

RIPLEY

(a beat)

Ha.

DICKIE

Do you even like jazz – or was that
something for my benefit?

RIPLEY

(conceding, without
guile)

I've gotten to like it. I've gotten
to like everything about the way you
live. It's one big love affair. If
you knew my life back home in New
York...

Dickie's distracted by the drummer who's playing an extrovert
solo, doesn't hear the confession of love.

DICKIE

I'm thinking of giving up the sax,
what do you think about drums?

RIPLEY

What?

DICKIE
So cool.

He mimes a high-hat and snare. Ripley can't quite credit this, it's superficiality.

EXT. MID OCEAN. DAY.

The bay of San Remo. DICKIE and RIPLEY have hired a motor boat.

DICKIE
That's how I found my place in Mongi.
Took a boat out round the bay. The
first place I liked, I got it.

The motor boat is ploughing the waves. Dickie exhilarated by the speed.

RIPLEY
Dickie, slow down, come on!

Ripley grips the oar, his knuckles white. Dickie cuts the motor, and the boat slows to a crawl, miles from the shore.

DICKIE
(ecstatic)
I love it here! Gonna live here!

Dickie takes off his jacket, then drums against the edge of the boat, developing a rhythm with his lighter and fingers, already on the way to becoming Buddy Rich.

RIPLEY
I wanted to tell you my plan.

DICKIE
So tell me.

RIPLEY
I thought I might come back. In the
New Year. Under my own steam.

DICKIE
(suddenly tight)
Really? To Italy?

RIPLEY

Of course. Let's say, for argument's sake, you were here – perhaps we could split the rent on a house – I'll get a job – or, better still, I could get a place in Rome and when we're there we could be there and if we're here we could be here –

DICKIE

Oh God, I don't think so.

RIPLEY

You see, particularly with the Marge problem, you can just blame me.

DICKIE

Marge and I are getting married.

RIPLEY

(appalled)

How?

DICKIE

How?

RIPLEY

Yesterday you're ogling girls on the terrace, today you're getting married. It's absurd.

DICKIE

I love Marge.

RIPLEY

You love me and you're not marrying me.

DICKIE

(cold)

Tom, I don't love you.

RIPLEY

No, no, it's not a threat, I've explained all of that.

DICKIE

I'm actually a little relieved you're going, to be honest. I think we've seen enough of each other for a while.

Ripley stares at him, his eyes suddenly reptilian.

RIPLEY

What?

DICKIE

You can be a leech – you know this – and it's boring. You can be quite boring.

RIPLEY

(volcanic)

The funny thing – I'm not pretending to be somebody else and you are. I'm absolutely honest with you. I've told you my feelings. But you, first of all I know there's something – that evening when we played chess, for instance, it was obvious –

DICKIE

(incredulous)

What evening?

RIPLEY

Sure – I know, that's too dangerous for you, fair enough, hey! we're brothers, fine, then you do this sordid thing with Marge, fucking her on the boat while we all have to listen, which was excruciating, frankly, plus you follow your cock around like a – and now you're getting married! I'm bewildered, forgive me... you're lying to Marge then getting married to her, you're knocking up Silvana, you've got to play sax, you've got to play drums, which is it, Dickie, what do you really play?

Dickie, furious, gets up, and lurches towards Ripley.

DICKIE

(attacking him,
administering tiny
slaps as punctuation
to his tirade)

Who are you – some imposter, some
third class mooch – who are you to
tell me anything? Actually, I really
really really don't want to be on
this boat with you, I can't move
without you moving, which is exactly
how it feels and it gives me the
creeps.

(he goes to rev up
the engine)

I can't move without – "Dickie,
Dickie, Dickie" – like a little
girl. You give me the –

RIPLEY SMASHES HIM ACROSS THE HEAD WITH THE OAR. DICKIE SLIPS
OFF THE WOODEN SEAT, HIS EYES ROLLING IN GROGGY SURPRISE.

RIPLEY

Shut up! Just shut up! Just shut up!

The boat slows as Dickie releases the tiller. Dickie looks
up at Ripley wearily and slides onto his back.

DICKIE

For God's sake.

Ripley, shocked at himself, goes to Dickie, rocking the boat,
catches him up, then is horrified to see Dickie's face,
apparently unmarked, SUDDENLY SPLIT OPEN, a line of blood
and then a peeling like a fruit bursting. Ripley's appalled.
A terrible roar issues from Dickie as he launches himself at
Ripley.

DICKIE

I'll kill you!

Ripley finds himself pushing him away, picking up the oar,
kicking off Dickie's hand around his ankle. The boat is
rocking and swerving crazily as Dickie falls against the
tiller. Ripley almost loses his balance. His glasses come
off. They struggle, locked together in a life or death wrestle

to get control of the oar. Dickie's blinded by his own blood, loses his grip.

Ripley, terrified, hits Dickie again and again, the oar like a carpet-beater banging down flat, blood on the blade, blood on Ripley, until he's on his knees, heaving for breath, letting his arm drop, then realizing, disgusted, that he's let it rest in a pool of blood. He starts to sob, sprawls there, sobbing, next to Dickie, horrified by what he's done.

Nobody's in sight. The boat rocks, gently, the sun sparkling indifferently on the waves. Ripley lies by Dickie in the bottom of the boat, in the embrace he's always wanted.

The pretty blue-and-white boat rocks peacefully. The sea calms.

EXT. A COVE NEAR SAN REMO. AFTERNOON.

A deserted cove, several miles along the coast. Ripley clammers onto a rock over the shore. He's watching the boat slowly sinking. Shuddering from the exertion, the cold, he finds Dickie's jacket, puts it on and watches as the boat disappears under the surface.

EXT. SAN REMO. DUSK.

Ripley walks back towards the hotel, still wearing Dickie's jacket, cold and wet, his bag over his shoulder.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. EARLY EVENING.

Ripley approaches the front desk. He's shivering. He's not wearing his glasses.

RIPLEY
Can I have my key, please?

RECEPTIONIST
(at the key rack)
Of course – But you must be very cold? Signor Greenleaf? Yes? –

RIPLEY
(mind racing)
No, it's – I'm...

EXT. ROAD BETWEEN NAPLES AND MONGIBELLO. DAY.

Ripley sits on the bus as it rumbles towards Mongi. He stares out of the window, full of what he's done. No idea what to do.

EXT. MONGIBELLO, FISHERMAN'S WHARF. DAY.

The BUS comes into town. Ripley gets out, looks calm, very together.

INT. DICKIE'S LIVING ROOM, MONGIBELLO. DAY.

Ripley walks into the living room, slowly approaches Dickie's saxophone which is on its stand on the table. He can't get close to it, it evokes Dickie too much.

INT. DICKIE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Ripley has Dickie's Hermes Baby typewriter on the desk and is busy writing letters. He has finished a letter to the Greenleafs, now he's at the end of one to Marge. We can read part of it – C/O American Express, Rome 9 November 1958. Dear Marge, this is a difficult letter for me to write... Ripley produces the Shakespeare and Signature page and COPIES DICKIE'S SIGNATURE at the end of the letter.

EXT. MARGE'S GARDEN, MONGIBELLO. DAY.

Ripley stands at the entrance to Marge's garden where she is working at her book on the outside table, surrounded by references and notes, held down by bricks. He looks at her until she looks at him. She's startled, gasps.

RIPLEY
Hello Marge.

MARGE
Tom, you startled me! You're back.

RIPLEY
How are you? Sorry. Is your book going well?

MARGE
Yes – I'm on a good streak, thanks.

RIPLEY

I was just looking at you –
(looking at her
tenderly)
so quiet.

MARGE

Where's Dickie?

RIPLEY

I think he's planning on staying in
Rome for a few days.

MARGE

(looks at him)
Ha. Did he say why?

RIPLEY

I don't know. I don't understand
Dickie, Marge, so your guess is as
good as mine.

MARGE

What does that mean?

RIPLEY

Well, one day I'm invited skiing,
the next day I'm not, one day we're
all one family, the next day he wants
to be alone. You tell me.

MARGE

Is that what he said – he wanted to
be alone?

RIPLEY

He was thinking of you, Marge – he
asked me to deliver this.

He hands her a package. She pulls at it, it's perfume.

MARGE

Thanks. He knows I love this, although
why it couldn't have waited...

RIPLEY

Errand number one – deliver Marge's

perfume. Errand number two, pack some clothes and his precious saxophone.

MARGE

(alarmed)

How long's he staying for?

RIPLEY

Search me. I guess we're abandoned.

EXT. MONGIBELLO, BEACH. EARLY MORNING.

Marge is walking along the beach and out onto the jetty, forlorn, a bleached figure on this winter morning.

INT. OFF FROM DICKIE'S LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

As Ripley walks down the stairs, Marge is at the icebox in the living room. She's fixing herself a drink, has the icebox open for ice. She's ashen, and might have been weeping, walks back into the kitchen area.

MARGE

There was a letter from Dickie in with my perfume. You realize it's more than a few days? He's thinking of moving to Rome.

She bangs out the ice onto the counter, cubes falling everywhere. Ripley drops to the floor and starts to clear them up. She's got the letter, shows it to Ripley. He puts fresh ice into her glass.

MARGE

The thing is, the night before he left, we talked about moving, together, going North – and I suppose I put some pressure on him, about getting married, I just might have scared him off. There's a side to him, when our heads are on the pillow, I know no one else sees it, which is really tender.

(unraveling)

I think I should come with you to Rome and just confront him.

Ripley lights a cigarette. Marge loses confidence.

MARGE

He hates being confronted.

RIPLEY

I think you're right.

INT. ALBERGO GOLDONI, ROME. DAY.

RIPLEY'S BATTERED CASES are carried into the tiny lobby of this small hotel. He exchanges his passport at the desk for his room key, then makes his way, carrying his own luggage to the metal cage elevator. THIS SCENE INTERCUTS WITH:

INT. HOTEL GRAND. DAY.

DICKIE'S ARRAY OF LEATHER LUGGAGE is pulled along on a baggage trolley by a liveried PORTER.

Dickie's passport slides across the marble desk. A key comes back, collected by a hand sporting Dickie's two distinctive rings. As ALDO, the Front Desk Manager, inspects the passport, he looks at the owner. Ripley wears a terrific suit, his hair parted in the Greenleaf style, no glasses. His voice, when he speaks, has the same, lazy, confident drawl.

ALDO

Welcome back, Signor Greenleaf.

RIPLEY

(walking away)

Thank you.

INT. RIPLEY'S SUITE, GRAND. DAY.

The PORTER takes the cases and opens them as Ripley walks around the suite. It's large and splendid. Ripley breathes in its opulence. He immediately picks up the telephone.

RIPLEY

Yes, I'd like you to telephone the Hotel Goldoni. Yes. I want to speak to Signor Thomas Ripley – No Ripley, R, yes. Grazie.

He produces Dickie's pen and signs the blotter quickly – H R Greenleaf. Then he pulls out a postcard from the writing case to reveal Dickie's Stars, hide your fires handwriting specimen. He compares the two signatures, is pleased.

The telephone rings.

RIPLEY

Pronto? Signor Ripley is not there?
I'd like to leave a message. Yes.
Please call Dickie – Dickie Greenleaf –
at the Grand.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOTEL ROOM, GOLDONI. DAY.

A tiny, cell of a room, single bed. Ripley on the phone.

RIPLEY

He's not there? Very well. I'll leave
a message – Got your call. Dinner
tonight sounds fine. Ripley.
(listens as it's read
back)
Dinner tonight, yes, is okay. Yes,
thank you.

INT. GUCCI STORE, ROME. DAY.

Ripley has bought some more LEATHER GOODS – a briefcase and overnight bag. He is at the counter, signing checks.

RIPLEY

I'd like these to have my initials –
embossed, I don't know the word in
Italian... embossed?

GUCCI ASSISTANT

Embossed, of course, Signor Greenleaf.

There's an excited rap on the window and a shout of DICKIE!

Shocked, Ripley looks over to find MEREDITH LOGUE outside,
alone and delighted to see him. He grins and mouths hello.

MEREDITH

(entering the shop)
Dickie! Oh my God! Ciao.

EXT. ACROSS PIAZZA NAVONA TO ARCARI'S CAFE. DAY.

Ripley and Meredith walk across the Piazza towards the cafe.

MEREDITH

But you're going skiing with us
Yankees, aren't you?

RIPLEY

What?

MEREDITH

At Christmas. To Cortina with Freddie
Miles and –

RIPLEY

(interrupting,
astonished)

How did you know that?

MEREDITH

Everybody knows Freddie Miles.

RIPLEY

(unsettled)

Is Freddie in Rome?

MEREDITH

Now? I don't think so. But I've met
him, of course, and we've chatted
and I know about you and Marge and
Mongi and what an unreliable rat you
are. Freddie said you were a rat and
I thought to myself now I know why
he travels under R.

RIPLEY

I've left Marge, Meredith. And Mongi.
So the rat's here now, in Rome.

MEREDITH

Sorry, I wouldn't have made a joke
if –

RIPLEY

Don't be sorry. I've never been

happier. I feel like I've been handed
a new life.

EXT. AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE, ROME. DAY.

Meredith and Ripley walk down the Spanish Steps and head
inside the office.

MEREDITH

The truth is if you've had money
your entire life, even if you despise
it, which we do – agreed? – you're
only truly comfortable around other
people who have it and despise it.

RIPLEY

I know.

MEREDITH

I've never admitted that to anyone.

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE, ROME. DAY.

Ripley's signing Dickie's allowance receipt. Meredith is
with him, signing her own counterfoil. He is, of course,
endorsed by her presence. She goes to the window ahead of
him.

She takes her money, turns to him.

He hands over his documents. The Clerk compares Ripley's
signature with the one on the passport and then looks up at
him. Ripley is cool as a cucumber.

RIPLEY

I don't want too many large bills.
Nobody will change them.

INT. RIPLEY'S SUITE, GRAND. ANOTHER DAY.

Where A TAILOR is finishing the fitting of a cashmere jacket
for Ripley. Bolts of cloth everywhere as Meredith adjudicates
the possible materials, which the tailor holds up against
Ripley.

MEREDITH

Show me the other one again.

(the Tailor obliges)
I like them both.

RIPLEY
I'll take them both.

Ripley goes inside the bedroom to change. While he's inside, Meredith shows the Tailor out. As she returns she notices the open sax case, peers inside.

MEREDITH (O/S)
I know you're a jazz fiend but do you absolutely hate the Opera? I've been trying to give my tickets away, it's tomorrow, but if you were prepared to be dragged...

She looks up to catch him bare-chested. She's intoxicated by him, the romance she feels to be in the air.

RIPLEY
(emerging)
You could drag me.

INT. THE OPERA HOUSE, ROME.

On stage is Act Two of Eugene Onegin. Lensky sings his aria before the duel with Onegin.

Ripley's in a tuxedo, in a box which includes a glamorous Meredith and her AUNT AND UNCLE. He knows what comes next.

Lensky is shot by Onegin. Blood pours from his neck into the snow. Onegin, horrified at the death of his friend, goes over, wraps Lensky in his cloak, the silk lining flashing, kneels holding him... Ripley can barely hide his emotion...

Meredith watches her sensitive friend, entranced.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BOXES, OPERA HOUSE, ROME.

The Interval. Ripley and Meredith exit their box with Meredith's Aunt and Uncle (who heads for the interval drinks).

RIPLEY
Thanks so much for inviting me tonight.

JOAN

Can you bear it? We hear you're a friend of Freddie's – he has I hate Opera tattooed on his chest.

RIPLEY

There's room for a whole libretto on Freddie's chest.

JOAN

(laughs)

I'm sure we've met.

They reach the console where Uncle Ted has their drinks.

JOAN

I was sure we'd met, weren't you, Ted? This is Herbert Greenleaf's boy.

RIPLEY

Thanks, yes, I think we did.

JOAN

One minute you people are children and the next you're getting tattooed.

INT. OPERA HOUSE, FOYER. NIGHT.

Ripley heads past the Beautiful People on his hunt for the Men's Room, and walks straight into a young and cultured Englishman. They greet each other and suddenly MARGE is beside them.

MARGE

(as if she's seen a ghost)

Oh my God. Tom.

RIPLEY

Marge, how are you? What are you doing in Rome?

MARGE

Is he here? Are you with Dickie?

RIPLEY

No.

(to Smith-Kingsley)

Hello, I'm Tom Ripley.

PETER

Peter Smith-Kingsley. I've heard about you, of course – from Marge, and Dickie.

MARGE

(works out what's strange)

No glasses.

He fishes out the glasses.

RIPLEY

(to Peter)

Ditto.

PETER

Where are you hiding him? He's impossible, isn't he?

MARGE

Is he really not here?

RIPLEY

Marge, you know Dickie has I hate Opera tattooed on his chest.

MARGE

You were going to Venice.

PETER

Yes, what happened? I heard you were desperate to come. I was looking forward to rowing you around.

RIPLEY

I am. I really am. And I've been travelling. I just can't seem to get that far north.

PETER

Well hurry, before we sink.

(reaches into his jacket)
Should I give you my telephone number in Venice?

RIPLEY
Thanks.

The INTERVAL BELL'S ringing. Peter hands over his card to Ripley, sees Meredith.

PETER
Look there's Meredith thingy – who's that, Marge? – They're in textiles...
Meredith –
(embarrassed at not remembering)
God, how awful, I've spent Christmas in her house...!

MARGE
I don't know her.
(to Ripley)
He hasn't called, he's hardly written, just these cryptic notes. You don't just dump people.

The last INTERVAL BELL. There's a mini-stampede to return.

PETER
Will we see you later?

RIPLEY
I can't later.

PETER
And tomorrow?

RIPLEY
Tomorrow's possible. Do you know Dinelli's? Piazza di Spagna?

PETER
I know the Piazza di Spagna. What time?

RIPLEY

Ten thirty?

PETER
We'll be there.

RIPLEY
Okay. Marge, see you tomorrow.
(to Peter)
It's really good to meet you.

INT. BOX, OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.

Ripley goes straight to Meredith and grabs her.

RIPLEY
Let's go.

MEREDITH
I thought you were enjoying yourself?

RIPLEY
Let's take a Carozza and look at the
moon.

MEREDITH
You're crazy! It's freezing out there.

He's looking past her, where a mirror reflects Marge wading through the audience, Peter's elegant head getting dangerously near as they approach their seats.

RIPLEY
C'mon, I need to talk to you. Just
the two of us.

MEREDITH
(quite taken)
Okay then, you're crazy.

EXT. CAROZZA, ROME. NIGHT.

Meredith shivers in the raw night as they cross the Tiber.
Ripley as Dickie is confessing his heart belongs to Marge.

MEREDITH
Don't worry. Really. Don't worry.

RIPLEY

You're such a pal to understand.
It's as if Marge is here now – I
look at you and I see her face –
and I can't, whatever I'm feeling
towards you – I just can't...

MEREDITH

No, I absolutely understand. Of
course.

RIPLEY

Otherwise you'd be fighting me off.

MEREDITH

Beating you away.

EXT. MEREDITH'S APARTMENT, ROME.

They arrive at the courtyard outside Meredith's Apartment
Building. Ripley jumps down, collects her. She makes to go
inside, then looks at him.

MEREDITH

Will you meet me tomorrow? Just to
say goodbye in the daylight, properly?
So it's not just this, it's too...
you should always save pain for
daylight...

RIPLEY

Oh Meredith, I'm sorry. Of course
I'll meet you. Let's have coffee in
the morning at Dinelli's.

MEREDITH

(fluttering)

I don't – is that by the Spanish
Steps?

RIPLEY

Exactly. 10.30 –
(instantly correcting
himself)

He gets back into the carozza. It moves off.

EXT. DINELLI'S CAFE, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA. MORNING.

Meredith sits waiting in a cafe at the bottom of the Spanish Steps. Ripley, dressed as Ripley, is at the top of the steps, among early tourists, watching as she drinks her coffee at an outside table. Then Marge and Peter appear walking up the Via Condotti, head for another table, don't see Meredith. She acknowledges Peter who hasn't noticed her.

MEREDITH

Peter? Hello, it's Meredith Logue.

PETER

Of course it is, Meredith, hello,
I'm sorry, half-asleep, how are you?
This is Marge Sherwood. Meredith
Logue.

MARGE

Hello.

Hearing Marge's name Meredith reacts, freezes.

PETER

Join us, won't you? We're just waiting
for a friend. Do you know, I wonder
did we see you at the Opera last
night?

MEREDITH

I won't actually, although I think
this might – are you waiting for
Dickie?

PETER

Well no, as it happens, although...

MARGE

(stunned at the mention
of his name)

Dickie? Do you know Dickie?

MEREDITH

You were at the Opera? Well, that
explains – yes I was there. I was
there with Dickie.

MARGE
(to Peter)
I told you! I knew it!

MEREDITH
(moving over to them)
Marge, I don't know you, so I have
no right, but Dickie loves you. He's –
I think you'll find he's coming home
to you.

MARGE
(proprietary)
How would you know that?

MEREDITH
He told me everything. I was supposed
to meet him fifteen minutes ago, so
I... I'm going to go now, I think.
Unless he meant us to meet – which
would be a little cruel, wouldn't
it?

PETER
No, we're meeting another friend.
Tom Ripley.

MARGE
Do you know Tom?

MEREDITH
Ripley? No. I heard about him, of
course, but no, I didn't meet him.

The WAITER has arrived to take orders. Meredith indicates
she's leaving.

MEREDITH
Not for me. No, grazie.

Marge is on the edge. Peter lays a hand to comfort her.

MEREDITH
I hope I didn't complicate matters,
but nothing, nothing untoward
happened, nothing to prevent you
from welcoming him back, from marrying

him... Goodbye. Goodbye Peter, please
don't get up.

Peter gets up. Ripley, from his vantage point at the top of the steps, watches Meredith leave and walk off into the crowd. He begins the slow walk down towards the square. As he becomes visible to the cafe, he starts to hurry. He's apologising to Marge and Peter as they see him, in his element, lying and believing in his lie.

RIPLEY

Sorry, sorry. Had to renew my papers.
Italian bureaucracy – never one
stamp when they can make you line up
for three. Have you been waiting
long?

PETER

Not at all. Morning Tom.

RIPLEY

Hi.

(to Marge)

Sorry. You okay? You look as if you've
seen a ghost...

MARGE

Dickie was at the Opera last night.

RIPLEY

I don't believe it. Wild horses
wouldn't drag Dickie to –

MARGE

He was there with someone. So I
suppose she must have dragged him –
that's not fair. I'm going back to
Mongi. I think Dickie's coming home.

(to Peter)

I'm going to go home.

RIPLEY

Really? That's swell. No, I was just –
you're way ahead of me! Great!

PETER

We think he's had a change of heart.

(to Marge)
So we should be celebrating.

MARGE
I hope so.

PETER
(to Marge)
That was moving, wasn't it? When
Meredith said –
(to Ripley)
Meredith's the American girl I saw
last night, I know her, at the Opera,
she's been seeing something of Dickie –

RIPLEY
My God.

PETER
But the point is Dickie – well we
know this – Dickie loves Marge and
he misses her and apparently he's
come to his senses...

RIPLEY
It's fantastic.
(to Peter)
I feel guilty. Marge doesn't
understand this, but anytime Dickie
does something I feel guilty.

INT. APARTMENT, PALAZZA GIOIA. DAY.

Ripley is being shown an APARTMENT FOR RENT in the Palazzo Gioia by a dry-witted older woman, SIGNORA BUFFI. Ripley explores, relishing the decor.

SIGNORA BUFFI
Accendo il riscaldamento.
(I'll turn the heating
on.)

RIPLEY
(mimes playing sax)
Mi piace suonare.
(I like to play music.)

SIGNORA BUFFI

(shrugs)

Io sono sorda. Quelli di sotto, una coppia, sono sordi. Allora, ti piace?

(I'm deaf. The couple below are deaf. So, do you like it?)

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

Ripley is in the apartment, fire burning, wearing pyjamas.

There's a small Christmas tree. He kneels on the floor with some festive, gift-wrapped packages. He opens a package. It's a marble head of Hadrian. A gasp from Ripley. He picks up a glass, pours himself a drink.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON.

Ripley plunges into Bach's Italian Concerto on his new and precious toy, a STEINWAY GRAND. His doorbell rings. He stops playing. He doesn't get visitors. He rises, a little nervous.

RIPLEY

Hello?

FREDDIE (O/S)

Dickie?

RIPLEY

Who is it?

FREDDIE

It's Freddie. Let me in.

RIPLEY ALMOST COLLAPSES. He's faint.

FREDDIE

Dickie, come on, it's me.

Ripley can't think what to hide, where to hide. He opens the door.

RIPLEY

Hello, Freddie, it's Tom, Tom Ripley.

FREDDIE

(confused, not
pleasantly)
Oh hello, where's Dickie? How are
you?

RIPLEY

Yes, I'm good, thank you. Dickies at
dinner. He's at Otello's. Do you
know it?

FREDDIE

I don't think he's at dinner at
6.30pm. If you said he was still at
lunch I'd believe you. Incredible.
The guy has disappeared off the face
of the earth.

RIPLEY

I guess.

FREDDIE

The landlady – as far as I could
tell, the landlady said he was here
right now.

RIPLEY

He's gone to dinner! Search the place.
I can't think why you would imagine
Dickie would hide from you.

FREDDIE

Because he's been hiding from me –
what happened at Christmas?

RIPLEY

What about Christmas?

FREDDIE

He was supposed to come skiing. I
didn't get a cable or a call or a
note or, frankly, a fart.

Ripley has his hands behind his back. HE'S TUGGING FRANTICALLY
AT DICKIE'S RINGS. Ripley wanders into the kitchen, turns on
the tap to sluice his fingers.

RIPLEY

Of course, he's been very involved in his music, hasn't he? I think his theory is, you know, you have to go into a cocoon before you can become a butterfly.

FREDDIE

Which is horseshit. Have you heard him play that thing?

(gesturing at the sax
on its stand)

He can't.

RIPLEY

(casually)

How did you find him? It's such an out of the way apartment. Can I fix you a drink?

FREDDIE

No thanks.

(explaining his
detective work)

Some kid at the American Express Office.

(he starts to explore)

Are you living here?

Now he starts to hammer a nasty boogie-woogie on the piano.

RIPLEY

(returning, flinching)

No. No, I'm staying here for a few days, in Rome. That's a new piano, so you prob –

FREDDIE

Did this place come furnished? It doesn't look like Dickie. Horrible isn't it? – so bourgeois.

Now he's poking at the Hadrian bust.

RIPLEY

You should watch that!

FREDDIE

In fact the only thing which looks like Dickie is you.

RIPLEY
Hardly.

FREDDIE
Have you done something to your hair?

Ripley starts to smile, his eyes darting around the room.

RIPLEY
Freddie, do you have something to say?

FREDDIE
What? I think I'm saying it.
Something's going on. He's either converted to Christianity – or to something else.

RIPLEY
I suggest you ask Dickie that yourself. Otello's is on delle Croce, just off the Corso.

FREDDIE
Is it on "delle Croce, just off the Corso"? You're a quick study, aren't you? Last time you didn't know your ass from your elbow, now you're giving me directions. That's not fair, you probably do know your ass from your elbow. I'll see you.

AND HE'S GONE. Ripley shuts the door, smooths the silk runner on the table where Freddie's hand had rucked it. He goes back to the door, opens it and looks over the rail.

INT. LANDING AND STAIRS, RIPLEY'S BUILDING. LATE DAY.

FREDDIE IS BACK IN CONVERSATION WITH SIGNORA BUFFI. Ripley can't make out the text but there's some discussion about Signor Greenleaf and Signor Ripley. Ripley hurries inside as Freddie's heavy shoes start to clump up the stairs again.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, ROME. LATE DAY.

Freddie knocks on the door which pushes open. As he marches in, he launches into his interrogation.

FREDDIE
Ripley? There's someth –

–

AND WALKS STRAIGHT INTO THE HEAD OF HADRIAN WHICH RIPLEY

SWINGS AT HIM, HOLDING ON AWKWARDLY WITH BOTH HANDS TO THE HEAVY MARBLE SCULPTURE.

Freddie falls like an ox, first to his knees, groaning, then to the floor as Ripley brings the head down again, beating him downwards. As Freddie slumps away, Ripley loses his balance and the head sends Freddie a glancing blow before slipping from Ripley's grasp and smashing on to the floor.

THE NOSE IS CHIPPED OFF.

EXT. PALAZZO GIOIA. NIGHT.

It's deserted. Ripley hauls Freddie out of the shadows towards the car. A couple walk across the square. Ripley talks to Freddie, berating him for his drunken stupor. He pushes him over the door and into the passenger seat.

RIPLEY
(mimicking Freddie's
voice)
Hey, if I'm drunk, think what her
husband's saying.

EXT. VIA APPIA ANTICA. NIGHT.

The Fiat noses along THE APPIAN WAY. Black fragments of tombs punctuate either side of the poorly lit road. Inside the car, Ripley looks to left and right for a place to dump the body. He slows near a clump of trees.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, ROME. EVENING.

Someone is KNOCKING urgently at the door. Ripley opens it, finds himself face to face with Signora Buffi and TWO POLICEMEN. One of them offers his hand.

ROVERINI
Dickie Greenleaf?

RIPLEY
Yes?

ROVERINI
Inspector Roverini. Can we come in?

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. EVENING.

Ripley sits with his head in his hands at the table. Roverini and his sergeant, BAGGIO, watch patiently.

ROVERINI
It's a terrible shock, eh? What time did Signor Miles leave yesterday?

RIPLEY
I can't be absolutely sure – 8? 9?
We'd both taken on far too many drinks –
but it was dark, it was certainly
dark when I walked him down to his
car.

ROVERINI
So Signor Miles drove away and you
did what?

RIPLEY
I went to bed. Freddie's a big man,
but I'm in trouble after a couple of
drinks. I've suffered all day. Who
found him?

Roverini has walked over to the bust of Hadrian.

ROVERINI
Senta. We have to ask you to stay in
Rome.

RIPLEY
Yes, if it's going to help, certainly.

ROVERINI
So, the Doctor, he has to make the –
(looks at Baggio)

– come se dice?

RIPLEY
Postmortem?

ROVERINI
Yes, exactly, but his first, his first conclusion was that Signor Miles was killed not later than seven o'clock yesterday evening.

RIPLEY
Well, he certainly wasn't dead when he drove off in his car.

ROVERINI
No.

EXT. NARROW STREET, THE GHETTO, ROME. MORNING.

Ripley comes through a dark tunnel in the Ghetto on his scooter. He drives past a furniture store, DRESSING TABLES AND MIRRORS spilling out onto the street. He glances sideways, sees his reflection fractured into several images and, for an instant, it seems AS IF DICKIE'S THERE WATCHING HIM. Ripley screams and swerves, crashing into the pavement, the scooter falling onto him and pulling him along the cobbled passage. The man he thought to be Dickie, an Italian, runs up concerned.

EXT. AMERICAN EXPRESS, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA. DAY.

Ripley emerges from the American Express Office. Across the street at the cafe, as once before, sits Marge. Ripley slips Dickie's bag into his knapsack as he approaches his scooter.

Marge spots him and strides across the piazza. She is in no mood for pleasantries.

MARGE
Did he kill Freddie?

RIPLEY
Marge, when did you get here?

MARGE
Tell me the truth. Did he kill

Freddie?

RIPLEY

I'd swear he didn't. Of course he didn't.

MARGE

I tried again, waiting here, watching for him. Instead it's you. Whenever I look for Dickie I find you.

(focusing on Ripley's cuts and bruises)

What happened to your face?

RIPLEY

Dickie did it.

MARGE

(suddenly tense)

Dickie?

RIPLEY

My face! There was an argument. I said some things I shouldn't have. About you. About the appalling way he's treating you, all of us. And the next thing I know he's launched himself at me.

(he pulls the scooter off the stand)

Are you getting on?

MARGE

What?

RIPLEY

Get on. I'll take you to him.

EXT. SQUARE OF THE PALAZZO GIOIA. DAY.

Ripley and Marge come round the corner on the scooter. The entrance to the Palazzo is blocked by a couple of police cars.

Inspector Roverini emerges from one of them. Ripley, startled, drives straight past the entrance.

EXT. ROME STREET, BY THE RIVER. DAY.

Ripley pulls up several hundred yards later, in a different piazza full of book stalls. Marge is confused.

MARGE

Where does Dickie live?

RIPLEY

We passed it a few blocks back, where the police were. The Palazzo Gioia. They don't even know I'm in Rome and I'm not going to incriminate Dickie –

MARGE

Perhaps I shouldn't go either.

RIPLEY

(thinking hard,
distracted)

No, well go if you want to, but don't talk to the Police about my face – they find out he hit me – he's got a temper – he could've hit Freddie.

(sincerely)

Good luck, Marge. I'll catch up with you later.

And he drives off. At the first opportunity HE DOUBLES BACK and roars towards the Palazzo.

EXT. SQUARE OF THE PALAZZO GIOIA. AFTERNOON.

Ripley drives towards the entrance. As Ripley gets off and pushes his scooter through the doorway SOME JOURNALISTS, LOITERING INSIDE A BARBER'S SHOP come running out and swarm around him with questions about Freddie. One of them gets off a photograph. It's chaos, a Police Officer shouts him away as Ripley puts up a protective hand and runs inside.

INT. ENTRANCE AND STAIRS, PALAZZO GIOIA. CONTINUOUS.

As Ripley hurries inside he encounters officers conducting more thorough forensic investigations in the stairwell. On a landing is Roverini. Ripley hurries towards him.

RIPLEY

Can we go up? Do you mind?

ROVERINI

Of course. What happened to your face?

RIPLEY

My scooter. I fell off. Getting chased by photographers.

He hurries up the stairs, Roverini in tow.

RIPLEY

(agitated)

The telephone, the press, I've been, I'm feeling hounded – do you think you could not give out my address?

ROVERINI

Never. We've had many requests and, of course, we say no – even to your fianc_e.

RIPLEY

I really don't want to see anybody.

ROVERINI

Even your fianc_e...?

RIPLEY

Even her.

ROVERINI

What about Thomas Ripley?

RIPLEY

What about Ripley?

Ripley's way ahead and has reached the door of his apartment.

He waits nervously for Roverini. He unlocks the door and can barely wait for Roverini to catch up.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

Roverini follows Ripley inside, Baggio hurries in behind him.

ROVERINI

You and Signor Ripley went to San Remo, is that right?

Ripley is appalled. He smiles.

RIPLEY

Yes, sure, we did go to San Remo. That was months ago.

ROVERINI

November, I thought.

RIPLEY

Was it? Did you speak to Tom?

ROVERINI

November 7th is my information.

RIPLEY

I don't remember the exact date.

ROVERINI

And when did you last see Signor Ripley?

RIPLEY

A few days ago.

ROVERINI

Does he stay with you here?

RIPLEY

No!

ROVERINI

No. Here is a pattern. Two days ago Freddie Miles is dead – he leaves your apartment and is murdered. Yesterday a little boat is found in San Remo full of rocks, and the owner tells the Police it was stolen on November 7th. We look at hotel records and we see oh! Dickie Greenleaf is staying in San Remo and then our boatman remembers two Americans taking

a boat.

RIPLEY

It's not a pattern, it's a coincidence. There must be fifty hotels in San Remo, there must have been a hundred people renting a boat on that day.

ROVERINI

31 people.

RIPLEY

31 people.

Baggio appears. Speaks to Roverini. Ripley is getting cranky.

ROVERINI

That is Miss Sherwood now. Marge Sherwood.

RIPLEY

(appalled, defeated)

Let her in, what's the difference?

Let her in.

(Baggio is on his way
to the door.)

No, actually, no, I'd like it very much if you would ask her to come back later.

Roverini nods, mutters to Baggio, who heads out.

RIPLEY

Thank you.

ROVERINI

(watching him)

May I ask... why would you speak to your friend and not your fianc_e?

RIPLEY

I think I just said. Ripley was handling some business for me, nor does Mr Ripley want to marry me. Nor did he ask me every day if I would marry him. And when.

ROVERINI

Do you have a photograph of Signor Ripley?

RIPLEY

I'm not in the habit of carrying around photographs of my male friends.

ROVERINI

Now I think I have upset you. My English perhaps is coarse.

RIPLEY

It is a little coarse, yes.

ROVERINI

Sorry. No one has seen Signor Ripley since San –

RIPLEY

I have!

ROVERINI

You have, yes.

RIPLEY

No, I have and so has Miss Sherwood, ask her! And if I could remember which hotel he was staying at – the Goldoni! – Tom was staying at the Goldoni.

ROVERINI

Good. The Goldoni. Yes – you're right. A coincidence.

(he gets up to leave)

I look forward to our next meeting when I will be more careful with my English and persuade you to play me your saxophone. Alto.

RIPLEY

Absolutely.

ROVERINI

(suddenly turning)

I have a witness who thinks they saw
two men getting into Mr Miles' car.
She wants to identify you in a –
confronto – line-up.
(ominously)
Tomorrow then?

RIPLEY
(thrown, scrabbling)
Tomorrow.

Ripley lets them out, heaves a heavy sigh, then peeps through
the door, looks down to see Roverini speaking to Marge on
the stairs.

ROVERINI (O/S)
Buongiorno, Miss Sherwood. He's in
but I really don't think he wants to
see anyone.

Ripley leans against the door, the noose tightening, then
suddenly a voice shocks him upright.

MARGE
Dick? Dickie? I know you can hear
me. What am I doing, chasing you
around...? I was going to say I would
count to three and if you didn't
open the door, but I won't count any
more. On you. I won't count on you
any more. Whatever it is, whatever
you've done or haven't done, you've
broken my heart. That's one thing I
know you're guilty of, and I don't
know why, I don't know why, I just
don't know why...

Ripley listens, there's a silence, then Marge's footsteps as
they ring out on the stone stairs. The tapping sound resolves
into the tap-tap of a manual typewriter.

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, PALAZZO GIOIA. NIGHT.

Ripley's at the typewriter, he begins to type.

RIPLEY
My dear Tom, I'm getting out of this.

Freddie's death, Silvana. I've thought about going to the police, but I can't do it, I can't face it. I can't face anything anymore...

INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, PALAZZO GIOIA. NIGHT.

CHAOS. Ripley is working quickly, selecting clothes, dividing them into TWO PILES – one for Dickie's trunk, one for his own battered suitcase. He puts the license plates from Freddie's car in Dickie's luggage. He has placed one shirt on the Ripley pile then checks again, and – on seeing Dickie's initials, places it with the bigger pile, then picks it up again and holds it briefly against his cheek.

He takes Dickie's rings, opens up a LITTLE BOX of buttons and needles and cufflinks and sadly tosses them in. Dickie's leather writing case goes on the big pile, too, as do cuff links, ties, the Mont Blanc, Dickie's passport, which he opens to scratch at the photograph, obliterating the face.

RIPLEY

...I wish I could give you the life I took for granted. You've always understood what's at the heart of me, Tom. Marge never could. I suppose that's why I'm writing this to you, the brother I never had. The only true friend I ever had. In all kinds of ways you're much more like the son my father always wanted. I realise you can change the people, change the scenery, but you can't change your own rotten self. Now I can't think what to do, or where to go. I'm haunted by everything I've done, and can't undo. I'm sorry, I can't go on. I've made a mess of being Dickie Greenleaf haven't I?

He's finished the letter, signs it, puts it in an envelope marked Tom Ripley and places the letter on top of the piano next to Dickie's passport. His head is reflected in the distorting curve of the lid. As he puts on his glasses there's a moment when there are two heads slowly separating, as Ripley leaves behind his brief life as Dickie Greenleaf.

INT. BASEMENT, PALAZZO GIOIA. NIGHT.

Ripley carries Dickie's luggage down into THE COMMUNAL BASEMENT of the Gioia, a wretched place full of shadows and gloom and the overflow from thirty apartments. A red plush couch sits on top of a mound of furniture. He finds some dustsheets and shoves the cases under them. Then Dickie's saxophone.

Outside the small window, Ripley sees uniformed feet and the revolving blue light of a Police Car. He shrinks back, turns off the light and disappears into the dark, illuminated fitfully by the strobe of cold blue.

EXT. BY THE PALAZZO GIOIA, ROME. NIGHT.

Ripley, familiar battered luggage in tow, appears at the entrance of the building next to his own, glances at the police car parked opposite the big doors, then hurries off into the darkness.

EXT. BY THE PALAZZO GIOIA. NIGHT.

Ripley's briefly silhouetted as he scuttles down an alley, hurrying towards a gate, and disappears behind it.

EXT. PIAZZALE ROMA, VENICE. DAWN.

Ripley sits next to his battered luggage at the prow of a MOTOR TAXI as it surges towards Venice at dawn. Peter Smith-Kingsley waits on the quay. Ripley waves. Peter waves back.

PETER
(indicating the taxi
stop)
I'll see you over there!

EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE. EARLY MORNING.

Ripley and Peter walk through the square, the pigeons scattering. Ripley breathes in the atmosphere, the beautiful grey.

RIPLEY
Peter, I'm really sorry to put you
through this. I just couldn't face
going to the police by myself when

my Italian's so rotten.

PETER

Don't be daft. It's fine. I'm delighted you finally made it to Venice. I'm delighted, contrary to rumour, you're still in one piece?

RIPLEY

What rumour?

PETER

That Dickie murdered you and is travelling under your passport. I know, ridiculous.

INT. POLICE STATION, VENICE. LATE DAY.

Later. Ripley sits in the middle of a bustling Police Station, where thefts, tourists, thieves and complaints are being processed. The Station is in an old brewery or armory. It's a horrible, monochrome, oppressive place. Peter is in conversation at a desk, turns and walks over to where Ripley waits.

PETER

Welcome to Venice. This place reeks, doesn't it? Can you smell it? Ugh. Sorry. Not the best way to spend your first day.

RIPLEY

It's okay.

PETER

Anyway I've got to the bottom of the delay. Finally. We're waiting for someone from Rome.

RIPLEY

(completely thrown)

What do you mean? They're sending someone from Rome?

PETER

That's good, isn't it?

RIPLEY

(as if suffocating)

No, but I thought that didn't happen in Italy, that each region was completely separate! I was sure that was the –

PETER

You've seen the papers, you know what a big deal it's been here. American tourist murdered –

RIPLEY

It's ridiculous but now you've mentioned the stench I can hardly breathe.

A door opens. COLONEL VERRECCHIA, fresh from Rome, and a sullen wedge of a man, comes in, scowling at the couple.

Ripley dare not look up in case it's Roverini. A POLICEMAN introduces him.

POLICEMAN

Colonelo Verrecchia della Polizia di Roma.

VERRECCHIA

(to Peter, in Italian)

Qui e Ripley? Who is Ripley?

PETER

(in Italian)

Lui. Him.

Verrecchia strides past them and into a smaller, interview room at the back of the station. His manner is ominous.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM, VENICE. LATE DAY.

This room is not at all friendly. There is evidence of a locked area for cells at one wall. A small, sour window gives onto a canal. The main station is glimpsed through some internal windows. Peter and Ripley come through.

Verrecchia sits down. Verrecchia talks in staccato Italian, during which Peter translates.

VERRECCHIA

Ho assunto io la guida delle indagini in seguito alla negativa valutazione delle disdicevoli circostanze verificatesi con il mio predecessore Roverini che come è noto non è riuscito a impedire il verificarsi della scomparsa del signor Greenleaf, il quale era l'unica persona al momento passibile di incriminazione del reato di omicidio del signor Miles.

PETER

(translating)

He's taken over the case because... they're annoyed the previous chap let Dickie... disappear when he was the only, he was the only suspect in Freddie's murder.

VERRECCHIA

Quando è stata l'ultima volta che il signor Ripley ha visto il signor Greenleaf? (When was the last time Ripley saw Greenleaf?)

Ripley forgets he's not supposed to have much Italian and answers.

RIPLEY

In Rome, about three weeks ago.

(shrugs)

I knew that one.

PETER

(giving Ripley a look)

A Roma, circa tre settimane fa.

VERRECCHIA

Dove è stato il signor Ripley da allora?

PETER

(translating)

Where have you been since then?

RIPLEY

I've been backpacking.

PETER

I don't know how to translate that.

(he tries)

E difficile... il signor Ripley...
dormiva all'aperto, con un...

VERRECCHIA

All'aperto? Col freddo che ha fatto?

PETER

He thinks it's very cold to be
sleeping outside.

VERRECCHIA

Il signor Ripley ha sviluppate
tendenze omosessuali?

PETER

Are you a homosexual?

(then as himself)

Interesting non-sequitur.

RIPLEY

No.

PETER

(translates for him)

No.

(as Peter, drily)

By the way, officially there are no
Italian homosexuals. Makes Leonardo,
Michelangelo very inconvenient.

RIPLEY

Tell him I have a fianc_e, Dickie
has a fianc_e and Freddie Miles
probably had a string of them.

PETER

(translating)

Il signor Ripley ha una fidanzata,
il signor Dickie ha una fidanzata e
probabilmente il signor Freddie Miles

ha molte fidanzate.

VERRECCHIA

(laughs)

Mamma mia, quante fidanzate!

They all laugh.

RIPLEY

What did he say?

PETER

He says so many fianc,es.

VERRECCHIA

(suddenly very tough)

Lei ha ucciso prima Freddie Miles e
dopo Dickie Greenleaf! Vero?

As Peter translates Verrecchia watches intently.

PETER

He wants to know if you killed Freddie
Miles and then killed Dickie
Greenleaf?

RIPLEY

(outraged)

No I did not. I did not kill Freddie
Miles and then kill Dickie Greenleaf.
Is he accusing me?

(Peter clearly doesn't
ask)

Ask him if he's accusing me!

PETER

He's already angry, I don't think –

RIPLEY

(interrupting, heated)

Just because he doesn't like
Americans!

VERRECCHIA

Non e questo il luogo per le vostre
conversazioni private! (This is not
the place for your private

conversations)

PETER

(appeasing him)

A ragione. A ragione. (You're right.
You're right.)

VERRECCHIA

Hmm. C'e questa... (There's this...)

Verrecchia hands over a letter. It's opened. Ripley's name on the outside. Ripley stares at it.

VERRECCHIA

Questa lettera e stata trovata
nell'abitazione del signor Richard
Greenleaf a Roma.

PETER

They found this in Dickie's place in
Rome.

RIPLEY

You opened this?

VERRECCHIA

Of course!

He stands and takes the letter out. Begins to read. He has the look of a man whose privacy has been violated.

RIPLEY

(to Peter)

It's a suicide note.

(to Verrecchia)

You ask me all these questions and
you've already read this suicide
note?

INT. PETER SMITH-KINGSLEY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

There's music everywhere – and stands – and posters of performances and PHOTOGRAPHS OF PETER CONDUCTING. Peter is an opera repetiteur. Ripley is sitting at Peter's piano, playing from the score of Vivaldi's Stabat Mater. Peter's made supper.

He's setting the table.

PETER

Can you imagine, if Dickie did kill Freddie, what must that be like? To wake up every morning, how can you? Just wake up and be a person, drink a coffee...?

RIPLEY

Whatever you do, however terrible, however hurtful – it all makes sense, doesn't it? Inside your head. You never meet anybody who thinks they're a bad person or that they're cruel.

PETER

But you're still tormented, you must be, you've killed somebody...

RIPLEY

Don't you put the past in a room, in the cellar, and lock the door and just never go in there? Because that's what I do.

PETER

Probably. In my case it's probably a whole building.

RIPLEY

Then you meet someone special and all you want to do is toss them the key, say open up, step inside, but you can't because it's dark and there are demons and if anybody saw how ugly it was...

Peter's come over, stands behind him over the piano.

PETER

That's the music talking. Harder to be bleak if you're playing Knees up Mother Brown.

He vamps this vaudeville song over Ripley's shoulder.

RIPLEY

I keep wanting to do that – fling open the door – let the light in, clean everything out. If I could get a huge eraser and rub everything out... starting with myself... the thing is, Peter, if...

PETER

(as Ripley falls silent)

No key, huh?

INT. SANTA MARIA DELLA PIETA, BRIDGE OF SIGHS. DAY.

A YOUNG BOY SINGS the soprano part of Vivaldi's STABAT MATER.

A piercingly pure sound in Vivaldi's own church. The orchestra – rehearsing – is conducted by Peter from the organ.

Ripley slips in at the back of the church. He stands and listens. Peter sees him, smiles. Ripley smiles back.

EXT. VENICE, S.LUCIA RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

MARGE appears on the steps, carrying an overnight bag. Ripley and Peter have come to meet her.

MARGE

(kissing him warmly)

Hello Peter, so good to see you.

RIPLEY

Hello Marge!

MARGE

(coolly)

Tom.

They walk towards the Vaporetto.

MARGE

So you found Peter...

PETER

I think we sort of found each other.

Marge smiles enigmatically. Ripley registers.

PETER

Where's Dickie's father?

MARGE

He's not coming till the morning.
Evidently his stomach – I don't
think the food here is agreeing with
him.

RIPLEY

I was looking forward to seeing him.

MARGE

Dickie hasn't killed himself. I'm
sure of that. There's a private
detective on the case now – a Mr
MacCarron – Dickie's father's
employing him.

RIPLEY

That's a terrific idea.

MARGE

He's American. He's already discovered
Dickie cashed checks for \$1000 the
day before he disappeared.

They step onto the Vaporetto.

MARGE

Is that what you do before you jump
in the Tiber? I don't think so.

EXT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE, VENICE. DAY.

The boat arrives at the entrance to the house. Peter opens
the door as Ripley collects Marge's bags.

MARGE

(to Peter)

Is this you?

PETER

No, it's Tom's. Splendid, eh?

MARGE

Golly. Who's paying for this?

RIPLEY

Peter found it for me. I can afford it because it's damp and, and falling down.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE, VENICE. DAY.

Marge, entering the living room, is astonished at its grandeur. She walks around as Ripley heads for the bar.

MARGE

This is spectacular.

PETER

That's why Tom wanted you to stay. It's better than squeezing into my room, and I know how you hate hotels.

MARGE

A hotel would've been fine.

(to Ripley)

We'll have to tell Mr Greenleaf how far his dollar has stretched.

Ripley is shaking a martini. Marge laughs, helpless, somehow raging. Peter turns

PETER

What's funny?

MARGE

No, nothing. I'm just thinking about when Tom arrived in Mongi.

(to Ripley)

And now look at you.

RIPLEY

Look at me what?

MARGE

To the manner born.

EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE. DAY.

St Mark's Square is buzzing with life – tourists, balloon

sellers – a man playing saxophone. HERBERT GREENLEAF sits out in the colonade on one of the many tables at Florian's Cafe, cradling a glass of hot water. He gets up as Marge and Ripley arrive.

RIPLEY
Mr Greenleaf.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Tom. How are you? You look well.

RIPLEY
I'm well, thank you.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Far cry from New York.

RIPLEY
Yes it is.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Marge, good morning. Unusual weather.

MARGE
Very.

RIPLEY
And you, sir? Any better?

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Pretty good. Sticking with hot water.

MARGE
Where's Mr MacCarron?

HERBERT GREENLEAF
San Remo. The police are amateurs.
Well, my boy, it's come to a pretty
pass, hasn't it?

RIPLEY
Yes. What's the detective hoping to
find in San Remo?

HERBERT GREENLEAF
He's being thorough, that's all. I'm
learning about my son, Tom, now he's

missing. I'm learning a great deal about him. I hope you can fill in some more blanks for me. Marge has been good enough to do that, about Mongibello.

RIPLEY

I'll try my best, sir. Obviously I'll do anything to help Dickie.

Marge looks at him in contempt.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

This theory, the letter he left for you, the Police think that's a clear indication he was planning on doing something... to himself.

MARGE

I just don't believe that!

HERBERT GREENLEAF

You don't want to, dear. I'd like to talk to Tom alone – perhaps this afternoon? Would you mind? Marge, what a man may say to his sweetheart and what he'll admit to another fellow –

MARGE

Such as?

HERBERT GREENLEAF

What a waste of lives and opportunities and –

A saxophonist is blaring away in the piazza. Greenleaf suddenly explodes.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

– I'd pay that fellow a hundred dollars right now to shut up!

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Herbert Greenleaf sits on a chair, Ripley pours him some tea.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

(reading, plunging
into gloom)

No, Marge doesn't know the half of
it.

RIPLEY

I think it might hurt her to know.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

And his passport photo? Did you hear?
To scratch out your own face like
that – can you imagine – the frame
of mind you'd have to be in?

(reading)

I've thought about going to the police
but I can't face it. I can't face
anything anymore.

RIPLEY

I feel guilty. I feel like I pushed
him away. I spoke and he heard you.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

(such a disappointed
father)

Well, if we all pushed him away what
about him pushing us away? You've
been a great friend to my son.

Everything is someone else's fault.

We all want to sow wild oars.

Somebody's got to – what's the word?

(Ripley shakes his
head)

The moment someone confronts him he
lashes out. He lashes out. You know,
people always say you can't choose
your parents, but you can't choose
your children.

INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE, VENICE. DUSK.

Ripley wakes up from an awful, chilling nightmare, his head
full of ghosts. He's cramped up in an armchair, his arms in
sine foetal protection. HIS DOOR KNOCKER IS BEING REPEATEDLY
SHAKEN. He surfaces thickly, stumbles to the door. It's Peter
and Marge.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry. I was asleep. I must have fallen asleep.

PETER

You look ghastly, Tom. Are you okay?

MARGE

Did Dickie's Dad go?

RIPLEY

He's having an early night.

MARGE

Poor man.

(she heads to her room)

We were knocking on that door for ever.

(she fiddles inside the sleeve of her dress)

I think I've broken my strap.

PETER

Not guilty.

RIPLEY

I'll fix some drinks.

MARGE

You walk in Venice!

She takes off her shoe, examining her feet for wear and tear, then disappears into the bedroom. Peter walks over to Ripley, a little concerned.

PETER

Are you okay?

RIPLEY

I'm fine.

PETER

(a hand on his shoulder)

Do you want me to stick around?

RIPLEY
It's okay.

PETER
Or I could come back.

Ripley looks at him. That's never happened. He digs in his pocket, finds his key, gives it to Peter. Peter smiles.

PETER
Your key.

INT. RIPLEY'S BATHROOM, VENICE. NIGHT.

Ripley's in the bath. Marge knocks on his door.

MARGE (O/S)
Tom?

RIPLEY
Marge, I'm in the bath. Won't be long.

MARGE
Tom, I need to talk to you. It's urgent.

Ripley, irritated, opens the door, his towel wrapped around his waist. Marge is white. She's wearing a robe. She's slightly breathless.

MARGE
I found Dickie's rings.

RIPLEY
What?

MARGE
You've got Dickie's rings.

RIPLEY
I can explain.

He can't. His eyes dart. Marge holds up the evidence.

MARGE

Dickie promised me he would never take off this ring.

RIPLEY

Let me put on some clothes and then we can talk about this.

MARGE

I have to tell Mr Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr Greenleaf.

RIPLEY

Marge, calm down, you're being hysterical.

MARGE

He promised me. I swear I'll never take off this ring until the day –

RIPLEY

Shut up! Shut up!

His towel slips off from his waist.

RIPLEY

I'm wet, Marge, I've lost my towel, I'd really like to put my clothes on. So go and pour us both a drink, will you?

She goes off obediently, a zombie. He shuts the door.

Immediately he starts looking for something, anything, to kill Marge with. He's got a shoe but it feels too light. He opens cabinets, drawers – nail scissors, nothing – then picks up his straight razor and considers it in the mirror.

INT. RIPLEY'S SITTING ROOM, VENICE. NIGHT.

Marge is leaving, coat on, as Ripley comes out of the bathroom.

RIPLEY

Marge? Where are you going?

MARGE

(like a creature caught
in headlights)
I was looking for a needle and thread.
I wasn't snooping. I was looking for
a needle and thread to mend my bra.

RIPLEY

The scent you're wearing. I bought
it for you, not Dickie. The thing
about Dickie. So many things. The
day he was late back from Rome – I
tried to tell you this – he was
with another girl. I'm not talking
about Meredith, another girl we met
in a bar. He couldn't be faithful
for five minutes. So when he makes a
promise it doesn't mean what it means
when you make a promise. Or I do. He
has so many realities, Dickie, and
he believes them all. He lies. He
lies, that's his... half the time he
doesn't even realize.

A SMALL RED STAIN is appearing on the pocket of his robe. As
he speaks the stain spreads. He looks at it absently.

RIPLEY

Today, for the first time, I've even
wondered whether he might have killed
Freddie. He would get so crazy if
anybody contradicted him – well,
you know that. Marge. I loved you –
you might as well know – I loved
you, and because he knew I loved
you, he let you think I loved him.
Didn't you see, couldn't you see? I
don't know, maybe it's grotesque to
say this now, so just write it on a
piece of paper or something, and
keep it in your purse for a rainy
day. Tom loves me.

MARGE

(as if she'd heard
nothing)
Why do you have Dickie's rings?

His hand goes to his pocket. HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO DO IT.

RIPLEY

I told you. He gave them to me.

MARGE

Why? When?

RIPLEY

I feel as if you haven't heard anything I've been saying to you.

MARGE

I don't believe you.

RIPLEY

It's all true.

MARGE

I don't believe a single word you've said.

Marge is shivering. Ripley, ominous, advances, she retreats.

RIPLEY

You're shivering, Marge. Can I hold you? Would you let me hold you?

Marge panics, backed up against the door. She screams and turns straight into the arms of a startled PETER who's come back to visit Ripley, and is unlocking the door.

MARGE

(sobbing uncontrollably)

Oh Peter! Get me out of here.

Ripley storms off. His hand comes out of his pocket COVERED IN BLOOD from the razor. Peter notices, appalled.

PETER

Tom, are you okay?

RIPLEY

You try. You try talking to her.

PETER

(calls after him)

Tom. Tom! Tell me, what's going on?

RIPLEY
(not turning around)
I give up.

INT. RIPLEY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Peter has just put a band-aid over Ripley's cut hand.

PETER
You can't be angry with her. She's
upset and needs someone to blame. So
she blames you. I'll go home and
talk to her. As for you – either
get a safety razor or grow a beard.

INT. LOBBY, EUROPA REGINA HOTEL, VENICE. MORNING.

Ripley hurries through the gleaming marble entrance.

INT. HERBERT GREENLEAF'S SUITE, EUROPA REGINA. DAY.

Ripley knocks on the door. It's opened by a face he doesn't
recognize. A middle-aged heavy set man. It's MacCARRON, the
private investigator.

RIPLEY
Is Mr Greenleaf here?

MACCARRON
Mr Ripley? I'm Alvin MacCarron.

MARGE
I don't know, I don't know, I just
know it.

HERBERT GREENLEAF (O.S.)
Marge, there's female intuition, and
then there are facts –

Greenleaf sits with a scrubbed Marge, her hair pulled back,
as if newly-widowed. THE RINGS SIT GLINTING ON THE COFFEE
TABLE.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Tom.

RIPLEY

Hello, sir.

(smiles thinly at
Marge)

Marge, you should have waited, didn't
Peter tell you I'd come by and pick
you up?

HERBERT GREENLEAF

Marge has been telling us about the
rings.

RIPLEY

You know I feel ridiculous I didn't
mention them yesterday – I clean
forgot – ridiculous.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

Perhaps you didn't mention them
because there's only one conclusion
to be drawn.

Ripley worries about what that conclusion is as Mr Greenleaf
heads into his bedroom.

HERBERT GREENLEAF

I'm going to take Marge for a little
walk, Tom. Mr MacCarron wants to
talk with you.

RIPLEY

(feeling caged in)

We could go down to the bar – no
need for you to –

HERBERT GREENLEAF

No, he should talk to you alone.

He helps Marge to her feet and leads her out. RIPLEY IS
PARALYSED. He waits for the door to shut. Aimlessly he walks
out onto the terrace, with its staggering, beautiful and
indifferent view.

EXT. EUROPA REGINA, THE GREENLEAF TERRACE. DAY.

Ripley stands, steels himself for MacCarron's charges.

RIPLEY

I could probably see my bedroom from here. I can see my house. When you see where you live from a distance it's like a dream, isn't it?

MACCARRON

(coming out)

I don't care for B.S. I don't care to hear it. I don't care to speak it.

RIPLEY

Okay.

MACCARRON

Why do you think Dickie's father sent him to Europe in the first place? Did you know at Princeton Dickie Greenleaf half-killed a boy?

Ripley turns, shocked.

MACCARRON

At a party. Over some girl. He kicked the kid several times in the head. Put him in the hospital. The boy had a wire fixed in his jaw. The Rome Police didn't think to ask Mr Greenleaf.

MacCarron gets up.

MACCARRON

Nor did they think to check whether a Thomas Ripley had ever been a student at Princeton University. I turned up a Tom Ripley who'd been a piano tuner in the music department.

Ripley's head drops.

MACCARRON

See – in America we're taught to check a fact before it becomes a fact. We're taught to nose around

when a girl drowns herself, find out
if that girl was pregnant, find out
if Dickie had an embarrassment there.

Ripley doesn't know where this barrage is going.

MACCARRON

Mr Greenleaf appreciates your loyalty.
He really does. Marge, she's got a
hundred theories, but there are a
few things she doesn't know. We hope
she never knows.

RIPLEY

I hope she never knows.

MACCARRON

Three different people saw Dickie
get into Freddie Miles' car. A man
who won't identify himself because
he was jumping someone else's wife
at the time saw Dickie removing
license plates from a red sports
car. The Police know about this man
because he happens to be a Policeman.

He walks out of the room, returns carrying THE LICENSE PLATES
from Freddie's car.

MACCARRON

I found these in the basement of
Dickie's apartment. They belonged to
Freddie's car. Mr Greenleaf has asked
me to lose them in the canal this
evening.

Ripley can't believe what he's hearing. It's like a dream.

MACCARRON

Mr Greenleaf also feels there was a
silent promise in Dickie's letter to
you which he intends to honor. He
intends to transfer a good part of
Dickie's income from his trust into
your name. He doesn't intend to give
the Italian police any information
about Dickie's past. He's rather

hoping you'll feel the same.

There is a silence in which this strange compact is agreed.

EXT. EUROPA REGINA MOORING. DAY.

Ripley stands with Marge, Mr Greenleaf and MacCarron at the water's edge – MOTOR LAUNCH growling. They shake hands, and then MacCarron and Mr Greenleaf get into the launch. Herbert Greenleaf carries the saxophone case.

RIPLEY

(to Marge)

I feel I never should have said those things to you the other evening. I was pretty flustered, the rings and – and you looked so, I don't know.

Marge shakes her head to silence him.

RIPLEY

But I hope that note goes to New York in your purse, for a rainy day.

MARGE

What are you going to do now, Tom?

RIPLEY

I don't know. Peter has a concert in Athens next month – and he's asked if I want to go along, help out. He says goodbye by the way – he's in rehearsal, otherwise –

MARGE

Why do I think there's never been a Ripley rainy day?

RIPLEY

What?

MARGE

(lunging at him)

I know it was you – I know it was you, Tom. I know it was you. I know you killed Dickie. I know it was you.

RIPLEY
Oh Marge.

He puts his hand out to control her. She pushes it away. STARTS TO LASH OUT AT HIM, the frustration too much, so that Ripley has to cover his face. MacCarron comes off the boat to restrain her. Ripley looks at him as if to say: what can you do, she's hysterical. MacCarron nods, pulls her on to the boat. Greenleaf catches Ripley's eye, guiltily. Turns away. They stand silhouetted as the launch revs up and surges off towards open waters, passing the little fleets of gondolas.

EXT. FERRY FOR ATHENS, NAPLES. DAY.

A week later and Peter and Ripley are on the deck of the ferry, the HELLENES, as it sails towards Greece. They're laughing.

RIPLEY
Ask me what I want to change about this moment.

PETER
What do you want to change about this moment?

RIPLEY
Nothing.

INT. PETER'S CABIN. DUSK.

Peter's in a bathrobe organising his currency, his traveller's cheques. Ripley knocks on the door, comes in.

PETER
Hello. What are you up to?

RIPLEY
All kinds of things. Making plans.

PETER
Plans – good, plans for tonight or plans for the future?

RIPLEY

I don't know. Both. My plan right now is to go up on deck, look at the sunset. Come with me.

PETER

You go. I don't want to get dressed yet. Come back though. Come back.

(smiles at him)

You know, you look so relaxed, like a completely different person.

RIPLEY

Well, that's entirely your fault. And, if I fall overboard, that'll be your fault too.

EXT. DECK OF THE HELLENES. SUNSET.

Ripley stands on deck, staring at the magnificent sunset.

Then a voice shakes him from his reverie.

MEREDITH

Dickie? Dickie?

He turns. He's caught. Suddenly he's Dickie.

MEREDITH

Dickie, my God!

RIPLEY

Hello Meredith.

MEREDITH

I was looking at you, your clothes, I wouldn't have known you...

RIPLEY

Well, you've spotted me and so you get the reward.

MEREDITH

What?

RIPLEY

Just kidding. Are you alone?

MEREDITH

Hardly. I couldn't be less alone.

Meredith points to the UPPER DECK BALCONY where TWO OLDER COUPLES are walking around the deck.

RIPLEY

Of course. Aunt Joan.

MEREDITH

And co. A lot of co. Oh, God, I've thought about you so much.

RIPLEY

I've thought about you.

And now he's thinking I can't kill them all...

MEREDITH

When I thought about you I was mostly hating you. Where've you been hiding?

RIPLEY

I haven't been hiding. I've been in Police custody. They've been trying to flush out Freddie's killer.

MEREDITH

You're kidding.

RIPLEY

They're letting me have this vacation. Which is why the get-up. Which is why you haven't heard from me.

MEREDITH

You know, the whole world thinks you killed Freddie? It's terrible.

RIPLEY

I know. Look, I can't talk now. Later. Later?

He kisses her. Full of future.

MEREDITH

So – are you travelling under R?

RIPLEY

You know what – I am.

MEREDITH

Dickie, are you with Peter Smith-Kingsley? I bet you are. My aunt thought she saw him.

RIPLEY

(horrified)

Peter Smith-Kingsley? I haven't seen him in months. No, I'm alone.

(and he understands
this is not any kind
of lie)

INT. PETER'S CABIN. NIGHT.

Peter's working on his score, lying on his front, apparently engrossed. Ripley knocks and enters. Looks long at Peter.

PETER

How was it?

RIPLEY

Good. But I think we should stay in here for the rest of the trip.

PETER

Was that Meredith?

RIPLEY

(sighs)

Was who Meredith?

PETER

Meredith Logue. You were kissing somebody. Looked like Meredith.

RIPLEY

Hardly kissing. Kissing off.

PETER

Didn't look that way – you know – from a distance.

RIPLEY

I lied. To her. She thought she'd seen you.

PETER

Why lie?

RIPLEY

Dickie and Peter, that's just too good gossip, isn't it?

PETER

Or Tom and Peter even.

RIPLEY

Well that would be even better gossip.

PETER

Really, why?

(completely lost)

Sorry, I'm completely lost.

RIPLEY

I know. I'm lost, too. I'm going to be stuck in the basement, aren't I, that's my, that's my – terrible and alone and dark – and I've lied about who I am, and where I am, and so nobody can ever find me.

PETER

What do you mean lied about who you are?

RIPLEY

I suppose I always thought – better to be a fake somebody than a real nobody.

PETER

What are you talking about – you're not a nobody! That's the last thing you are.

RIPLEY

Peter, I... I...

PETER
(conciliatory)
And don't forget. I have the key.

RIPLEY
You have the key. Tell me some good things about Tom Ripley. Don't get up. Just tell me some nice things.

He sits on the bed, leans against Peter. His eyes are brimming with tears. He takes the cord from Peter's robe and begins twisting it in his hands.

PETER
Good things about Tom Ripley? Could take some time!... Tom is talented. Tom is tender... Tom is beautiful...

RIPLEY
(during this, and tender)
You're such a liar...

PETER
...Tom is a mystery...

Ripley is pressing against him, moving up his body, kisses his shoulder, the cord wrapped tight in his hands...

INT. RIPLEY'S CABIN. NIGHT.

Ripley returns to his cabin. Sits on the bed, desolate.

PETER (O/S)
...Tom is not a nobody. Tom has secrets he doesn't want to tell me, and I wish he would. Tom has nightmares. That's not a good thing. Tom has someone to love him. That is a good thing!
(feeling Ripley's weight on him)
Tom is crushing me. Tom is crushing me.
(suddenly alarmed)
Tom, you're crushing me!

The door of his closet flips open with the swell and he catches his reflection. It swings shut. Open then shut. Through the porthole the weather's changing as the light dies. There's a swell as the horizon rises and falls in the round glass. Ripley, alone, in a nightmare of his own making.

THE END

The Talented Mr. Ripley is a 1999 American psychological thriller film written for the screen and directed by Anthony Minghella. An adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's 1955 novel of the same name, the film stars Matt Damon as Tom Ripley, Jude Law as Dickie Greenleaf, Gwyneth Paltrow as Marge Sherwood, Cate Blanchett as Meredith Logue, and Philip Seymour Hoffman as Freddie Miles. The novel was previously filmed as Purple Noon in 1960. The Talented Mr. Ripley, released in 1999, is a unique and innovative psychological thriller and drama. The film was directed and written by Anthony Minghella, a screenwriter, playwright and director. Previous to Ripley, Minghella directed Inspector Morse and The English Patient, which led him to win an Academy Award for Best Director. The film was produced by Sydney Pollack, William Horberg, Saul Zaentz and Tom Sternberg, with an overall production budget of 40 million USD. The Talented Mr. Ripley has been greatly successful and achieved a number of prestigious awards, as its innovative take With The Talented Mr. Ripley, Highsmith created a brand new kind of hero: the evil antihero. Ripley was such an iconoclastic novel with such a brand-new ideaâ€”what if the bad guy gets away with it?â€”that it captivated readers the world over and inspired a series of sequels, known by fans as â€œthe Ripliad.â€ Highsmithâ€™s Ripley novels have been adapted into movies starring Alain Delon, Dennis Hopper, Matt Damon, and John Malkovich (to name a few) as the face of the murderous Mr. Ripley. Ripley continues to inspire the way we think about â€œheroesâ€ todayâ€”Kill Bill, Breaking Bad, Dexter, and even Suicid